THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY, 1917

SPECIAL ARTICLES

Francis Marion Lyman

Heber J. Grant

Alice Louise Reynolds

President Emmeline B. Wells, Our Lovely Human Heritage

Susa Young Gates

The Relief Society in its Attitude to Dress and Social Customs

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CONTENTS.

FEBRUARY, 1917.

Things Worth While ..... Jessie Sundwall 61
Frontispiece
Francis Marion Lyman ..... President Heber J. Grant 63
Francis Marion Lyman ..... Alice Louise Reynolds 65
Birth Control 68
Our Lovely Human Heritage ... President Emmeline B. Wells 74
Mothers in Israel ..... Mary A. S. Winters 77
An Incident of Faith 83
Washington's Vision 84
February Entertainment ..... Morag 88
Too Busy ..... Mrs. Parley Nelson 90
Notes from the Field ..... Amy Brown Lyman 91
Home Science Department ..... Janette A. Hyde 97
Memories ..... Marie Jensen 98
Current Topics ..... James H. Anderson 99
Editorial: The Relief Society in Its Attitude to Dress and and Social Customs 101
Guide Lessons 104

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THINGS WORTH WHILE.

Why are you sad, my friend, today?
Cheer up, the world is bright,
And life is full of pleasant things,
If you look at it right.
The Lord is watching over you,
His prophet points the way.
Get in and nobly do your part,
Too soon will pass the day.

Reach out a helping hand to one
Less fortunate than you;
And get the joy that follows,
If a kindly act you do.
There's nothing gained in brooding, dear;
Of self have not a thought,
You may not think you're gaining much
Until the battle's fought.

But if you make a sacrifice
That seems so hard to do,
Forget not that the Savior gave
His very life for you.
And when you see a look of love
In someone's tear-filled eyes,
You'll then be glad, and you will feel
The power that in you lies.

And oh, be full of sympathy
For those who are in need.
It fills the heart brim full of joy
The hungry poor to feed.
And if you never fail to pray,
Dark clouds will pass you by.
Love and cheer will fill your heart
And bright will be the sky.

This life is full of joy and love;
And if you wish to find
The way to peace and happiness,
Be generous and kind.
Have charity and sympathy,
And always wear a smile,
And then I'm sure you'll say with me,
"These things are all worth while."

JESSIE SUNDWALL.

Fairview, Utah.

Upper row: Thos. Higgs, Joseph J. Cannon, Robert L. Anderson. Front row: President Francis M. Lyman, Dr. Alfred Robinson, President Heber J. Grant.

THE

Relief Society Magazine

VOL. IV. FEBRUARY, 1917. No. 2.

Francis Marion Lyman.

A Tribute from President Heber J. Grant.

Francis M. Lyman, in my opinion, was the greatest individual reformer of men of any of the leading officials of the Church with whom I have ever been acquainted. He was a natural-born teacher. There have been and are hundreds of men in the Church who started on the downward road, around whom, figuratively speaking, he put his arm, and, lifting them out of the broad way into the straight and narrow path, planted their feet firmly in the way which leads to life eternal. Many men who subsequently became prominent among leading stake officials, were on the high road to destruction, and owe their reformation and success in life, after all signs pointed to failure, to the wonderfully inspiring and reforming ability of Francis M. Lyman. He had a capacity to give himself to those who were in need, a service which far exceeds the giving of money.

I learned as a young man presiding over the Tooele stake that his very presence was an inspiration and an encouragement. More than once when the labors of the Stake President seemed difficult because of my youth and lack of experience, and had almost discouraged me, I would ask Brother Lyman on such occasions to remain in Tooele for a week or two at a time and visit the various wards with me. I did not tell him that I was somewhat disheartened, but after two or three weeks' visit to the different wards, and riding day after day with him, I gathered new strength and determination to press on in my labors as well as gaining an added love of my work. I never knew a man who seemed more to love to work without ceasing in the Church than did Francis M. Lyman.

I will relate an incident told by President Frank Y. Taylor:

"I had with me, on one of my missionary trips, a young man who stated that he owed his manhood and spiritual life to Presi-

dent Francis M. Lyman. He said: 'When a boy I was rough, and did nearly everything wrong that a boy could do, and had no desire to do right. Francis M. Lyman came to our settlement, hunted me up, put his arm around me, and did all he could to encourage me to lead a better life. I refused, on his first appeal, and on many subsequent appeals. He visited our settlement during his trips to southern Utah, and I think every time he came, he hunted me up and poured into my soul the oil of gladness. For twenty long years he did this, and finally won my heart. I turned over a new leaf, resolved to do that which was right, was called on a mission, and performed it honorably, all due to the kind and persistent efforts of President Lyman. All that I am in character and in spiritual life, I owe to that man; and I think so much of him for his faith and kindness and goodness to me, that I would go through fire for him or even give my life for him if needed.'"

An influential citizen in one of the stakes of Zion, had made a wreck of his life through drink. Brother Lyman reformed him, and he subsequently became president of the stake and he frequently stated to me that he would give his life for President Lyman.

Such then was and is the character and spirit of President Francis M. Lyman!

Upper row: Levi Edgar Young, Joseph J. Cannon.
Front row: John C. Lyman, President Francis M. Lyman, Willard Cannon.

Francis Marion Lyman.

An Appreciation by Alice Louise Reynolds.

For many years I have lived in the home of one of Francis M. Lyman's relatives. I have met many members of the family, particularly from the south of the state. As often as I have met them I have heard them say, "Uncle Marion says this or thinks that" about a given matter. I often wondered how in his busy life he could come to know their affairs so intimately; but early concluded that God had made him a mighty counselor in Israel.

I was sixteen years of age when I first met President Francis M. Lyman. He looked down at me over his glasses in his kindly, never-to-be-forgotten manner and said some things both appreciative and directive to me, every word of which I remember even to this hour. After that first meeting no matter what the circumstances, President Lyman always had time to say something to me, and nearly always had time to say something genuinely helpful. I fancied that because of very intimate association with members of his family that I was especially favored. I have never relinquished the thought that I was especially favored, only I have grown to know that I was but one of a very large class, and that there were tens of thousands of other persons in that favored group. This certainly is a quality that set him apart from most other men, for it is nothing short of marvelous that any one person could come in contact with such a host of people in the kindly sympathetic and intimate way that Francis M. Lyman did.

To him surely will come that reward promised to those who seek above all else to save the souls of men, for he did strive with all his might early and late for the salvation of mankind. Whatever the offense committed, whether of major or minor character, he would be found nestling close to the offender seeking to have him see the error of his way. Face to face with one who was walking in by ways and crooked paths he did not palliate the offense but sought to have the offender realize the gravity of it; nevertheless he did not leave the offender dismayed, but hopeful and encouraged. Face to face President Lyman made his corrections. It was his wont to correct in private, not in public.

President Lyman did everything in his power to encourage people in well doing; everything to let them know their good deeds were not unnoted. He once said to a young man of my acquaintance, "I hear you have a well ordered home and I am glad to hear it." "How did you hear it?" asked the young man

in astonishment. "I heard it," replied President Lyman, "from a mutual friend; a nurse in my family who has done service in your family."

Duty was once the watchword of society. Francis M. Lyman was of that school. It is part of his life's history that during the thirty-seven years that he was a member of the Council of Twelve, he never missed his quorum meeting, if he could reach the place of meeting in a day's travel.

The one exception to this rule, so far as is known, was the Thursday before his death occurred. Just as he was leaving his office to go home for the last time, Harold G. Reynolds met him with the remark: "I am glad to meet you, Brother Lyman, I have some missionaries in the Seventies office to be set apart." He replied: "I have never before refused to set missionaries apart, but I feel very ill and I must go home and go to bed." This was two days before his demise.

His devotion to his family was one of his marked characteristics. I have often noted with what tenderness he would embrace and kiss his daughters. His genial nature is very largely reflected in his children, for as a rule they are most cheerful in their natures.

The kindliest humor possible pervaded President Lyman's conversation in his home and in his general association with people. It relieved tension and serious and embarrassing situations. It was not two-edged but kindly. It is said that the American appreciates the humor in Mark Twain, and that the German appreciates the philosophy lurking there. There was much of philosophy in Brother Lyman's humor. A story in point was told me by a member of his family.

At one time one of his sons went to him considerably wrought up. Somewhat excited he said, "Father, if I had your influence, if I had your position in the Church, I would do so and so, and so and so, and I would do it quickly and with force, I can tell you." Putting his hand quietly upon the young man's knee, his father said, "My son, I am very much afraid, indeed, that if you had my influence you would not keep it long."

President Lyman appreciated the good works of all people no matter who they might be, nor from whence they might come. His interest was in the achievement, in the main, not in the person who had accomplished the task. As he associated with people he gained his own impressions of the worth of men and women, and of their lack of worth. After a conviction had come home to him on a subject, or in relation to people, other persons were usually without influence either to change or modify that conviction.

Especially impressive to me have been President Lyman's

sermons on the Sacrament and at funeral services. It was the practice of his life to partake of the Sacrament each Sabbath day. I doubt if many persons can be found anywhere who have preached as many funeral sermons as did he. It was the way in which he spoke of death that appealed to me. "Death," he would frequently say, "is just as natural as birth." We mourn at the departure of our loved ones and call it death; but doubtless there is rejoicing behind the veil, such rejoicing as we feel at a birth.

I began this article by telling of the host of persons who have felt President Lyman's personal influence in their lives, and of his desire that all men should be righteous and do the works of righteousness. I shall conclude by calling to your mind such matter as combines both characteristics. For years I have seen missionaries go to him anywhere, everywhere and report that they were keeping the faith. One nearby might hear them say, "You know, President Lyman, you told us, while in the mission field, to come and report to you whenever we see you." Then one would see him look straight into their eyes and catechise them in relation to their lives.

A missionary from Great Britain told me this story with the utmost feeling. A man came into the Liverpool office who was unknown to the other elders. He sat there for a number of hours looking very lonely. Finally President Lyman came in. The elder approached him saying, "My name is Anderson. I come from Grantsville." "What," said President Lyman, "my old friend Anderson of Grantsville who did so much good work among the Indians?" "Yes," said the elder. President Lyman put his arms around the man and hugged him hard, and the man's heart overflowed and he wept. What a father in Israel he was, only the intimate thousands who loved him for just such help may testify! He has gone to his reward—how great it will be!

PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT.

The passing of President Francis M. Lyman brings to the Presidency of the Quorum of the Twelve no less an inspirer of youth, a lover of men, and an apostle of purity and probity of character. President Heber J. Grant now enters upon a more extended mission of usefulness. His ringing testimonies, his determined conquest of self, his mastery of business principles, will contribute to his successful leadership and ministry. This Church has much that commands the thoughtful consideration of the world; in nothing is the Church so rich as in the pure and noble character and strong and practical abilities of its leading men. We welcome the administration of President Heber J. Grant.

Birth Control

The articles on birth control printed in the July and August numbers of the *Relief Society Magazine* have attracted national attention to our Society and to the *Magazine*. So widely distributed has been the interest and the inquiries concerning this article that the editor felt it imperative to inquire of the First Presidency of the Church if they approved in full of the statements made by the members of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, and especially Elder Joseph F. Smith, Jr., who treated the matter authoritatively, and if all said was in harmony with the views of the First Presidency. We are pleased to present the following answer from them:

Office of the First Presidency of
The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints,
Salt Lake City, Utah, December 13, 1916.

Mrs. Susa Young Gates,
Editor *Relief Society Magazine,*
City.

Dear Sister: The July and August numbers of the *Relief Society Magazine* contained brief articles by some of the promiment elders of the Church on the subject of birth control, and in view of the importance of the subject and the attention it is receiving throughout the nation, you desire an expression from us in writing in regard to the attitude taken by the writers thereof, together with the soundness of the doctrine contained therein, with special reference to the article by Elder Joseph F. Smith, Jr.

We give our unqualified endorsement to these articles, including that of Elder Joseph F. Smith, Jr., and commend the sentiments contained therein to members and non-members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints everywhere.

Your Brethern,
(Signed) Joseph F. Smith,
Anthon H. Lund,
Charles W. Penrose,
First Presidency.

Officers, members of the Relief Society, herein you have the word of the Lord, on this subject. Can anything be clearer or more emphatic? It is a very strange thing that people can believe

that the Lord of Life could countenance for one moment, the refusal of his children to comply with the first commandment given to Adam and Eve. It is so easy to avoid parenthood, if people wish to do so, and that, too, innocently, even if selfishly. Men and women can remain unmarried. That is all there is to it.

It may be interesting to our readers to peruse some of the comments made upon these articles by the contemporary press. Here follows the article given in the *Journal of Heredity:*

RELIGION AND BIRTH-CONTROL.

"Antagonism of the Roman Catholic Church toward the 'birth control' movement is well known. This antagonism is based on theological grounds, but it has frequently been pointed out that the result, whether the church has the fact in mind or not, will be to give the church a slowly increasing preponderance in numbers, in any community where the population is made up in part of Catholics and in part of Protestants.

"The Church of Latter-day Saints of Jesus Christ, popularly known as the 'Mormon' Church, has taken a similarly antagonistic stand on birth control. Theological objections are raised against it; but in this case what may be called the eugenic aspect, the problem of altering the relative proportions of different classes in a population, is clearly seen and acknowledged.

"In the July issue of the *Relief Society Magazine,* an official publication issued at Salt Lake City, five of the twelve elders who make up the supreme council of the organization state their views on birth control. Elder Rudger Clawson says that it is sinful to restrict the number of children in a family, continuing:

" 'Woman is so constituted that, ordinarily, she is capable of bearing, during the years of her greatest strength and physical vigor, from eight to ten children, and in exceptional cases a larger number than that. The law of her nature so ordered it, and God's command, while it did not specify the exact number of children alloted to woman, simply implied that she should exercise the sacred power of procreation to its utmost limit.'

"Elder George F. Richards writes: 'My wife has borne to me fifteen children. Anything short of this would have been less than her duty and privilege.'

"The eugenic view of the subject is most clearly seen by elder Joseph F. Smith., Jr., who points out:

" 'The first great commandment given both to man and beast by the Creator was to be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth; and I have not learned that this commandment was ever repealed. Those who attempt to pervert the ways of the Lord, and to prevent their offspring from coming into the world in obedience to this great command, are guilty of one of the most heinous crimes in the category. There is no promise of eternal salvation and exaltation for such as they, for by their acts they prove their unworthiness for exaltation and unfitness for a kingdom where the crowning glory is the continuation of the family union and eternal increase which have been promised to all those who obey the law of the Lord. It is just as much murder to destroy life before as it is after birth, although man-made

laws may not so consider it; but there is One who does take notice, and His justice and judgment is sure.

"'I feel only the greatest contempt for those who, because of a little worldly learning or a feeling of their own superiority over others, advocate and endeavor to control the so-called "lower classes" from what they are pleased to call "indiscriminate breeding."

"'The old Colonial stock that one or two centuries ago laid the foundation of our great nation, is rapidly being replaced by another people, due to the practice of this erroneous doctrine of 'small families.' According to statistics gathered by a leading magazine published in New York, a year or two ago, the average number of children to a family among the descendants of the old American stock in the New England States, is only two and a fraction.'

"It is unquestionable that the number of births has been much limited in the economically most efficient sections of the population of the United States, and very little limited in the least efficient sections.

"It is also unquestionable that the spread of the birth control propoganda in the 'lower classes' is at the present time very, very rapid. Whether or not one approve of that spread, it is certain that the birth-rate of those classes is likely to fall, thus checking the very serious differential nature of the present birth-rate.

"If, at the same time, eugenics can succeed to some extent in increasing the birth-rate among the socially most valuable sections of the community, then the present demonstrable deterioration of the American stock, as a whole, will gradually become less menacing."

The *Literary Digest* also commented at some length on the articles. Not long since the editor of this *Magazine* received a letter from the *Medical Journal* of New York asking for copies of our *Magazine*. Very recently the following letter from the *Birth Control Review* came to this office:

THE BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW.

Margaret Sanger, Editor; Frederick A. Blossom, Managing Editor; Elizabeth Stuyvesant, Secretary-Treasurer.

Dedicated to the principle of intelligent and voluntary motherhood.

December 2, 1916.

The Relief Society Magazine,
Salt Lake City, Utah,

Please send me the copy of your magazine for July, 1916, which opposes Birth Control and what other material you have on the subject.

We respect an honest expression of conviction and want to know your attitude. Any courtesy you may show us will be appreciated.

Sincerely yours,

THE BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW,
By FRANK V. ANDERSON,
Assistant Editor.

We add here some passages taken from that quaint, old, recently discovered *Book of Jasher*, and you will see from this that

the crime of race-suicide, or, as the milder term now has it, birth control, was one of the contributing causes of the flood which swept over the earth in the days of Noah. It is easy to understand how people who do not believe in life before they came to this earth, and in life after death—it is easy to understand how such people can justify themselves in prevention of offspring, but it is incomprehensible that anyone should assume to be a Christian and make of marriage a mockery in this modern fashion.

THE BOOK OF JASHER.

Chapter 2, Pages 3, 4 and 5.

3. And it was in the days of Enosh (or Enoch) that the sons of men continued to rebel and transgress against God, to increase the anger of the Lord against the sons of men.

4. And the sons of men went and they served other gods, and they forgot the Lord who had created them in the earth: and in those days the sons of men made images of brass and iron, wood and stone, and they bowed down and served them.

9. And it was when men continued to rebel and transgress against God, and to corrupt their ways, that the earth also became corrupt.

17. And Lamech, the son of Methusael, became related to Cainan by marriage, and he took his two daughters for his wives, and Adah conceived and bare a son to Lamech, and she called his name Jabel.

18. And she again conceived and bare a son, and called his name Jubal; and Zillah, her sister, was barren in those days and had no offspring.

19. For in those days the sons of men began to trespass against God, and to transgress the commandments which he had commanded to Adam, to be fruitful and multiply in the earth.

20. And some of the sons of men would render them barren, in order that they might retain their figures and *whereby* their beautiful appearance might not fade.

21. And when the sons of men caused some of their wives to drink, Zillah drank with them.

And the child-bearing women appeared abominable in the sight of their husbands, as widows, *whilst their husbands lived,* for to the barren ones only they were attached.

* * * * * * * * *

And Noah found grace in the sight of the Lord, and the Lord chose him and his children to raise up seed from them upon the face of the whole earth.

Sisters, readers, members of the Relief Society, every where be warned, watch your conversation, guard your lips, and

see that you do not permit our young people to be infected with this dreadful marital heresy through your careless words or thoughtless agreement with this modern evil.

We are happy to close this article with a clear exposition of the case by ELDER GEORGE ALBERT SMITH, of the Council of the Twelve:

"Multiply and replenish the earth and subdue it" was the first great commandment. Since which time the prophets of the Lord have spoken in commendation of the large family. From the beginning until now the women who willingly became the mothers of legitimate children have been respected and honored by good men.

Children are an heritage from the Lord, and those who refuse the responsibility of bringing them into the world and caring for them are usually prompted by selfish motives, and the result is that they suffer the penalty of selfishness throughout eternity. There is no excuse for members of our Church adopting the custom of the world to either limit the size of the family or have none at all. We have been better taught than they. The desire to gain an exaltation in the Celestial Kingdom should prompt us to take advantage of every opportunity, and one opportunity for happiness, there, is the association with the children the Lord offers us to be our eternal companions.

The small families in New England have made it to some extent the home of the alien. The devil deceived many excellent people, causing them to believe they would be happier without children or with only one or two. This resulted in the gradual dwindling of many families until names that were held in honor a century ago now have no living representative. Their talent has been buried. How will they feel when they arise in the morning of the resurrection and learn that they violated the law of the Lord and yielded to the temptation of the evil one and closed the door to eternal happiness? They may plead that they knew no better. But what will be the condition of the Latter-day Saints, for we have been taught the truth? When we refuse to assume the responsibility of parenthood it is with the knowledge that we are displeasing our Creator. What is more beautiful in life than a home in which father and mother are surrounded by a large family of children and grandchildren! Compare it with the wilfully childless home. One typifies the eternal spring time of life, the other the eternal winter of death. One of the tricks of the adversary is to suggest that the fewer children in the home the better the chances for education, etc., and the contribution to society will be more worthy. If the parents had the choosing of the intellects coming into their homes they might successfully

discard the weaklings, but they haven't. If they reduce the number born to them by prevention of conception, etc., they may deprive themselves of the honor and eternal happiness of bringing into the world a genius that will add lustre to their names throughout eternity. Many of the world's greatest characters were born in large families. The small family tends to selfishness, the large family to generosity. One child or two are likely to be pampered and spoiled, but where there are a number of children, each learns to divide with the others the favors bestowed upon him, each learns to serve part of the time instead of always expecting to be waited upon. Each learns the rights of the other and that those rights must be considered.

The gospel teaches that our happiness depends largely upon our posterity which, being true, should inspire us to desire a large and honorable family of children who by reason of being properly born will be heirs of the choicest blessings of the Lord.

When we go from this sphere of existence we will not take any of the wealth of this world that we have been stewards over. It is only loaned to us for our development. But the children born to us under the new and everlasting covenant are ours for eternity, and no one can take them from us. They are a gift of a loving heavenly Father to us, and our happiness here and hereafter will be greatly enhanced by their companionship and love.

Let the Latter-day Saints understand this and not exchange this eternal blessing for the folly and fashion of the world.

(Signed) GEORGE ALBERT SMITH.

THE CONGRESSLADY.

By Christopher Morley.

We have so many Congressmen
  Whose ways are dark and shady—
How joyfully we welcome then
  The coming Congresslady!

I wonder, is she old and stout
  Or is she young and pretty?
How long the members will stay out
  Who are on her committee!

We'll hear no more of shabbiness
  Among our legislators—
She'll make them formal in their dress;
  They'll wear boiled shirts and gaiters.

Her maiden speeches will be known
  For charm and grace of manner;
Buo who on earth will chaperon
  The member from Montana?

Our Lovely Human Heritage

President Emmeline B. Wells.

Out of the storm and stress of the pioneer days in Nauvoo, and across the trackless plains—out of the struggle and toil which laid the foundation pillars of Utah—out of the purging force of woman's pioneer achievements, looms the delicate tracery and gentle face and form heaven-preserved to the present generation: Our beloved President Emmeline B. Wells who is among the most precious human possessions of the Relief Society today. Much that moderns think about and wonder about and study about concerning the past, she knows—she is the past; and her slender hands, fashioning each day's link with patient solicitude, have woven about her fragile personality the very essence and inspiration of the Relief Society and of the women of the Church.

Each morning when the office force at headquarters gather about their duties and daily toils, they watch with deep affection for the Morning Miracle. She comes—our little, delicate, great-minded President, walking softly, yet with fierce independence into the rooms, and the Miracle is born again for the new day. She hears our complaints; she comforts our griefs; she counsels our doubts; and over them all breathes the ineffable spirit of her own fixed integrity to the truth. Her gentle refinement of face and form with its appealing charm is like the gentle, tender innocence of childhood, but it does not make us forget the power and majesty of her spirit which shines from the age-dimmed eyes, or sometimes flames from her passionate denunciation of wrong.

This month is her birth month and once more we joy in the glad Providence which gave us a leap-year day and a baby born on that day, eighty-nine years ago. Her sensitively pure spirit embodies, for us, lovely dignity, while that gracious concourse of women of whom she is the last and lingering relic gather about her in our memory. Her sorrows and her joys have traced upon her sensitive features the image of resignation and trust in God.

Her memory is like a carven casket, for which she wisely keeps the key, unless you are fortunate enough to win a golden hour from her still occupied life, and then she may sit down with you, still erect, and spurning soft-cushions or easy chairs. She balances like a bird upon the brink of a fountain, and slowly, carefully unlocks the cover of her memory-casket. As she withdraws the jeweled strands of fact or faith, you sit entranced, and listen to the clear music of her voice while she visualizes the truths which fall one by one from her precious lips.

Today, tonight, and yet another today—for this little queen is like the lingering sunset on our snow-capped Ensign Peak—the golden glow kisses the snowy crown, and we yearn and yearn to prolong the lingering flame of light. She has known so many of our heroes—she knows so much of the forgotten past—she has done so much for women everywhere—she has suffered so keenly—she has stood like a mountain peak in the midst of her valleys of affliction, that we cry out silently: "O Lord, do Thou let the sunset linger yet a little while around us. Take not Thou away this light, this tender, faithful glow, until we drink our fill of light and of her sweet presence." This then closes the evening orison.

Susa Young Gates.

RUINS OF THE NAUVOO TEMPLE. From "Liverpool Route."

Mothers in Israel.

THE NAUVOO BATTLE.

By Mary Ann Stearns Winters.

Note.—We give this month a vivid picture of conditions in Nauvoo, at the time of the Exodus, that in striking simplicity and pellucid description might well be a companion piece of Colonel Thomas L. Kane's masterpiece on the same subject.

The main body of the Church had left Nauvoo in February, 1846, and for a time peace and quiet reigned in the city, with a lively hope in the hearts of those still remaining to soon follow the advance company of friends and relatives. Our star of hope was westward bound, and all thoughts were turned in that direction. The Lion of the Lord and his strong ones were in the lead, and like the needle to the pole—every faithful heart was irresistibly drawn that way. We, individually, were waiting for our house to be sold that we might have means to pursue our journey and overtake our friends who had started earlier in the season. During the summer the mob element of Illinois became impatient at the slowness of the "remnant" in vacating their homes in the beautiful and beloved city, and began persecuting, and driving those on the outskirts, the story of which has been told often, and well, in the histories and magazines of the Church. Finally after many threats and annoyances they gathered their forces to besiege the city. They were advancing and constantly giving out reports of what they were going to do, though they seemed quite undecided as to the point of attack.

The brethren had fortified the places most liable for their entrance, and the night before—on the 10th of September, 1846—they had erected breastworks at the head of Mulholland Street, and about sunrise on the morning of the fatal day, Brother Anson Pratt came to *our part* of the town and called for all the cooked food that the sisters were in possession of—saying, the brethren had been working all night, and were tired and hungry and half famished, as many of them had not gone off duty to get their suppers. Our breakfast was just ready and after making a big pot of warm drink my mother packed up every morsel she had, and joyfully sent it to the weary workers. And it was very interesting to hear the experiences of the sisters in the way the call found them—many were like us, gave away all their cooked food to the guards, and then went cheerfully to work and soon had another breakfast prepared and eaten. Brother Pratt had

asked the women to bake all the bread they possibly could, to last through the crisis, so mother and sister Charlotte Higbee, our nearest neighbor, set salt rising, and baked two big brick ovens full. Brother Higbee was Bishop and had a little flour on hand, or it could not have been done, for *our* bin contained only a *few* pounds.

Our home was only one block from the Temple and we could hear the reports given out by the sentinel on the tower, to the guards on the grounds below. Day after day we had listened to the words of weal or woe, as they came from the sentinel's lips, and our hope and courage rose and fell accordingly, but oh, for words to tell of the emotions of our hearts as the sound came forth, "The mob are advancing slowly, they are within one block of the breastworks." This was about one o'clock. The mob seemed undecided—they halted—their courage faltered, they seemed to feel the power of the determined force in front of them. Then came the word, "They have retreated a little and are partly under cover." The brave Captain Anderson, Colonels Fulmer and Picket with their spartan band were waiting, if not with open arms, at least with *ready arms,* to receive them. L. O. Littlefield with his company of infantry were stationed in a cornfield, a little south of the blacksmith shop, where many had prepared themselves for the encounter. In Captain Littlefield's company was Oscar Winters, then a young man of 21. The last few nights before the battle, the sisters whose husbands were on guard duty, brought their little children and camped at our house, for we all seemed to feel that under the shadow of the Temple was the safest place. And it was then that my mother said, "It was the first time she could look with *pleasure* on the graves of her little children that were buried in the lot, near the house, for they were safe from all harm—and she knew not what would be the fate of the others." Our Prophet and Patriarch had been martyred, and what could *we* expect from those bloodthirsty creatures. At two o'clock the little group of watchers on the porch of our house were startled by the boom of a cannon, and the sentry on the Temple announced that the enemy had opened fire. Some one remarked, "That is the *first*, but who can tell of the *last,* and what will take place between." We had not long to wait for the second report, and they came at short intervals until I had counted 32, and then the small arms were used and they all came in such rapid succession that I could keep count no longer. The conflict was fierce, but not of very long duration, for it seems that the defenders' weapons carried disaster as well as the enemies', and the mob seemed willing to cease their hostilities and wait for another day.

During that time a treaty was made, that if the "Mormons"

would all leave the city within three days, they would not molest them farther, and they might go in peace. It was also agreed that a committee, and their families, might remain to take charge of the property belonging to the banished citizens. These were Almon W. Babbitt, Joseph L. Heywood and John S. Fullmer. Not long after the firing commenced, a courier came to the Temple and brought the sad tidings that three of our brethren had lost their lives in the conflict, Captain William Anderson and his son Augustus and—.

But while this message brought sorrow to every soul, it also brought relief to the hearts of the waiting sisters whose husbands and sons were at the front, to know that they still lived. But the anguish and suspense of those dreadful hours can never be told in words. And I will never forget the unflinching faith and courage of that devoted band of women. They never thought of fleeing or turning away, but "stand still and see the salvation of the Lord." As the firing lulled and the strain relaxed, my chills returned, and as the fever rose I became somewhat delirious and, therefore, oblivious to all except my own misery. Through that long night I tossed and moaned, and longed for rest. But when morning came my fever had gone, and I was able to get up, and again realize the situation we were in. The word had gone forth that we were to leave in three days. But how were we to go, and *where*—my mother had three helpless children, for Brother Pratt was at the front and we were without kith or kin to look to for help or aid in any way. The promise had gone out that *all* would be rescued from that hostile band, so we waited patiently, though anxiously for our turn to come.

Hour after hour we watched the teams carrying the families, as they wended their way to the river to be ferried over to Iowa, a place of peace and safety. The end of the second day was drawing to a close—we were nearly alone, but the guards stationed at the Temple gave us a little sense of security, though we passed a lonely night and were truly thankful as the morning of the third day dawned upon us.

About ten o'clock a message came that we would be taken to the river soon after dinner. So, after partaking of an early lunch we prepared to leave our comfortable home with a knowledge in our hearts that we were never to return to it again. The stove on the hearth—the furniture standing round—the pictures on the wall—all were given a parting look, and then my mother, taking her little children repaired to the graves of our loved ones from which we were so soon to be parted forever, till the Resurrection Morn, or till we went to meet them in their happy Home above. I *know* that the fervent prayers she uttered for the preservation of those precious relics have been heard, and answered

up to the present time. Farewell, our loved home, farewell, our cherished dead—farewell, the beautiful Nauvoo. Ere long thy waste places will be built up, and thy beauty shine with renewed thrift and splendor.

After some delay our conveyance arrived. Our things that we could take with us had been packed for many days, and were soon placed in the wagon, and about four o'clock we were deposited on the bank of the Mississippi River opposite Montrose, waiting to cross over. The bank was lined with people, all in the same condition, driven from home, but oh, it was joy to be so closely associated with those faithful ones, and many were the words of cheer and comfort that passed from one to another in that trying hour. The sand in that particular place was quite deep, and would not hold the tent pins, so we piled up the trunks and boxes a little way apart and laid the tent poles across, and by spreading the tent over these, and mother making our bed underneath we were quite comfortable for the night, hoping that on the morrow we would reach a place of friends and safety.

About six o'clock, while we were busy with our preparations for the night we heard a martial band playing, and all stopped to listen. Some one on higher ground reported it to be "a company of the mob marching this way." This was not expected, and as we did not know their purpose it caused another wave of anxiety to pass over the hearts of the people, but it was soon ascertained that the company were about to disband and go home, and they were just coming to take a last look at their victims and see if they were making sufficient haste in leaving the state. They were not soldiers, but dressed, some in citizens' clothes, and some in country garb, but all were volunteers banded together to drive out the "Mormons."

Just as they were opposite our camp they halted an instant, and the Captain shouted, "You're a d—d pretty looking set, ain't you?" This caused the women to be very indignant. My mother took a step forward and replied, "Gentlemen, it is *your day* now, but it will be *ours* by and by." He called back, "Shut up that, or we will have *you* under guard." She returned, "I do not fear you, sir," just as they were passing on.

Two or three lingered behind to talk to the people, seeming touched in their hearts by what they beheld. One, a well dressed, kindly looking man, stopped near us, and calling my five-year old little sister, Olivia, to him, patted her curly head and asked her many questions. I drew near enough to hear what was said. He inquired what her name was, and her father's, and in reply to where he was now, she said he had gone to California. When asked where she was going, she said, "We are going to California, too."

The man seemed much affected—she said he was crying as he took from his pocket, a bit—twelve and a half cents, and handed it to her. She drew back, unwilling to receive it, but he said, "Yes, take it, it will pay your passage across the river anyhow." He soon arose and passed on—brushing away the tears, and no doubt, conscience-smitten at the part he had taken.

We slept as best we could under the circumstances, that *last night* in our dear Nauvoo. In the morning we crossed the river to Iowa, and made one camp about a mile above Montrose. Here our tent, (that my mother, with her New England forethought, had purchased early in the summer, and had it water-proofed by Brother Arthur Smith) was pitched, and made a very commodious shelter for us with room for four beds, with space for a walk in between.

During the day Brothers Anson and William Pratt, with grandmother Pratt and their families, arrived and took up quarters with us in the tent, for the time being. My chills had not returned—I was feeling well again and enjoying the company of the girls, Sariah and Jane Elizabeth Pratt. The men made their camp on the outside of the tent, and the women and children were very comfortable on the inside.

Our supply of provisions was getting low, but the quails came, and Ami Shumway, son of Sister William Pratt, went out to help capture them, and we girls took them to the river, a few feet distant, and picked and dressed them ready for use. When the good people of St. Louis heard the condition the Saints were in they sent a boat-load of provisions to relieve their wants. The people were counted, and given so many pounds each, according to the number of their family. There was flour and corn meal, from which to take your choice, sugar and coffee, rice, dried apples and bacon.

My baby brother, Moroni, not quite two years old, was sick with chills, so it fell to my lot to go for our share of the supplies. The water was low, and the boat could not get above Montrose, so all had to go there for their rations. I, in company with others, went down and received ours, dealt out from the bow of the boat, and joyfully took it—shall I say *home* with me? Yes, for it is always home where mother is.

The sojourn on the bank of the river was only temporary, and all those whose wagons and teams were nearly ready, soon yoked up their teams and started westward. Of the others, some went down the river to St. Louis, others up the river to Burlington, and intermediate points, and there were some not willing to turn to the right or the left, but wanted someone to haul them a few miles out in the country where they could get work and obtain means to take them still farther on their westward march.

Brother Anson Pratt had helped with the distribution of the

relief supply, and when the boat returned, he and family took passage for St. Louis. He hired two skiffs at Montrose to come up for his family, in which they soon embarked and were floating down the river amid waving of handkerchiefs, and good-bys from those on the shore. As grandmother Pratt went with them, that took seven from our company, and while we were glad to know they were going to a place of plenty, as well as peace, their going left a lonely feeling in our hearts. And thus the end of the first week found us, and the second was a sorrowful one in our little camp.

Little Martha Pratt, four years old, had suffered with chills for a number of weeks and though her condition did not seem alarming, still she did not get better, and one morning her mother noticed a change—she continued to grow worse all day, and when Sister Pratt took her in her arms to prepare her for the night she could see that the end was near, and in a short time she passed peacefully away. But oh, the agony of that loving mother's heart, to lose her beautiful, blue-eyed darling, in such a place and at such a time, and she cried out, "Oh, I can never leave her in this lonely place." But mother tried to comfort her by telling her that perhaps we could take her over to Nauvoo and lay her by the side of *our* loved ones and then it would not seem so terrible. So in the morning Brother Pratt went over to see if it could be accomplished, and found there was nothing to hinder—the city was as still as death, and the few persons seen on the streets moved around as if at a funeral. A little red pine coffin was procured at Montrose and about one o'clock we started on our mournful journey. Mother could not leave her sick baby, so I was sent to tell them where the graves were, and show them the place mother thought best for their little one to be buried.

During the summer, mother had, in anticipation of our leaving the home, obtained stones from the Temple yard and now she had the initials cut on them, and then after making a chart of the graves from the corner of the house, Brother Silcox dug down at the head of each grave and placed the stones down almost to the coffins, then covered all over and dug up the rose trees we had planted there, and smoothed off the ground, and no stranger could tell where they were.

We did not go by the ferry, but had a large skiff and landed in a secluded place on the other side where a team was waiting and we were soon conveyed to our destination. Three of the brethren accompanied Brother Pratt across the river, and with the driver, the little grave was soon ready, and the little pilgrim was laid to rest till the Resurrection Morn. This made six graves in all, as Brother Orson Pratt had lost an infant daughter, though she was buried on their side of the fence, but she lay in a line with ours. *Requiescat in pace!*

An Incident of Faith.

A touching incident of the faith manifested by converts to the gospel and of the answer to prayer, is related by Sister M. Birdie Langston, a widow, in a letter to President Joseph F. Smith.

This sister speaks of her husband who recently died without having heard the gospel. His passing was peaceful and he bore testimony to his family shortly before his death, that all of the churches were man-made, and he preferred that none of his sons' names should be set down in a church book.

This sister's sons, and she has several, have been trained in the right way, for they never use whiskey, tobacco, tea, coffee, nor bad language. Although none of them are at present converted, their faithful mother hopes that day is not far distant. The circumstance related by Sister Langston is as follows:

For some reason, one of her sons hid her Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants, and although she felt sure he had done it, he refused to tell anything about it. Some weeks after, the mother, while in fervent prayer, was inspired to get up from her bed and go at once to the hiding place of the books. She hastened to her sons to tell them she had found the books, but still they denied having hid them. Weeks later the son acknowledged that he had placed the books where they were, and that his mother had passed them many times without seeing them.

This sister bore her testimony to her friends and a visiting minister, who tried to persuade her that she had been dreaming, but her son himself bore testimony to the fact and its miraculous accomplishment.

Our hearts go out in sympathy and love to our struggling sisters, and in our sheltered life in Zion we often wonder how they bear their trials and afflictions. May God bless Sister Langston.

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."

—Longfellow.

Washington's Vision.

What the Father of His Country Saw of its Weal and Woe, More than a Century Ago.

(Copied from an Old Newspaper.)

The last time I ever saw Anthony Sherman was on the 4th of July, 1849, in Independence Square. He was then ninety-one and becoming very feeble; but though so old, his dimming eyes rekindled as he looked at Independence Hall, which he said he had come to gaze upon once more before he was gathered home.

"What time is it?" said he, raising his trembling eyes to the clock in the steeple and endeavoring to shade the former with a trembling hand.

"What time is it? I can't see so well as I used to."

"Half past three."

"Come, then," he continued, "let us go into the hall; I want to tell you an incident in Washington's life—one which no one alive knows of except myself; and if you live you will before long see it verified. Mark me, I am not superstitious, but you will see it verified."

Reaching the visitor's room, in which the sacred relics of our country are preserved, we sat down upon one of the old-fashioned wooden benches, and my venerable friend related to me the following narrative, which from the peculiarity of our national affairs at the present time, I have been induced to give to the world. I give it as nearly as possible in his own words:

When the bold action of our Congress, in asserting the independence of the colonies, became known in the world, we were laughed at and scoffed at as silly, presumptuous rebels, whom the British grenadier would tame into submission; but, undauntedly, we prepared to make good what we said. The keen encounter came and the world knows the result. It is easy and pleasant for those of the present generation to talk and write of the days of '76, but they little know, neither can they imagine, the trials and sufferings of those fearful days.

And there is one thing I much fear, and that is, that the American people do not properly appreciate the boon of freedom. Party spirit is becoming stronger, and unless it is checked, will, at no distant day, undermine and tumble into ruin the noble spirit of the Republic. But let me hasten to my narrative.

From the opening of the revolution we experienced all phases of fortune—now good and now ill; at one time victorious, at another conquered.

The darkest period we had, however, was, I think, when Washington, after several reverses, retreated to Valley Forge,

where he resolved to pass the winter of '76. Ah! I have often seen the tears coursing down our dear commander's care-worn cheek, as he would be conversing with a confidential officer about the condition of his poor soldiers. You have doubtless heard the story of Washington going into the thicket to pray. Well, it is not only true, but he used often to pray in secret for aid and comfort from God, the interposition of whose divine providence brought us safely through these dark days of tribulation.

One day—I remember well—the chilly wind whistled and howled through the leafless trees, though the sky was cloudless and the sun shining brightly, he remained in his quarters nearly the whole of the afternoon alone. When he came out I noticed that his face was a shade paler than usual, and that there seemed to be something on his mind of more than ordinary importance. Returning just before dark he dispatched an orderly to the quarters of the officer I mentioned, who was presently in attendance.

After a preliminary conversation which lasted some half an hour, Washington, gazing upon his companion with a strange look of dignity, which he alone could command, said to the latter:

"I do not know whether it was owing to the anxiety of my mind or what, but this afternoon as I was sitting at this very table, engaged in preparing a dispatch, something in the apartment seemed to disturb me.

"Looking up, I beheld standing exactly opposite me, a singularly beautiful figure. So astonished was I—for I had given strict orders not to be disturbed—that it was some moments before I found language to enquire the cause of her presence. A second, third, and fourth time did I repeat the question, but received no answer from my mysterious visitor. I began to feel as one dying, or rather to experience the sensation which I have sometimes imagined accompanied dissolution. I did not think, reason, or move; all were alike impossible. I was only conscious of gazing fixedly, vacantly at my companion.

"Presently I heard a voice saying, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn!' while at the same time my visitor extended her arm and forefinger eastwardly. I now beheld a heavy white vapor at some distance rising fold upon fold. This gradually disappeared, and I looked upon a strange scene. Before me lay stretched out in one vast plain all the countries of the world—Europe, Asia, Africa and America; I saw rolling and tossing between Europe and America, the billows of the Atlantic, and between Asia and America lay the Pacific.

" 'Son of the Republic,' said the same mysterious voice as before, 'look and learn! A century cometh—look and learn!'

At that moment I beheld a dark, shadowy being like an angel, standing, or rather floating in mid air between Europe and America.

"Dipping water out of the ocean in the hollow of his hand he sprinkled some water on America with his right hand, while he cast some upon England with his left. Immediately a dark cloud arose from each of these countries, and joined in mid-ocean. For a while it remained stationary, and then moved to the westward, until it enveloped America in its murky folds. Sharp flashes of lightning now gleamed through it at intervals, and I heard the smothered groan of the American people.

"A second time the angel dipped from the ocean, and sprinkled it out as before. The dark cloud was then drawn to the ocean, into whose heaving waves it sunk from view. A third time I heard the mysterious voice saying, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn.'

"I cast my eyes upon America, and beheld villages, towns and cities springing up one after another, until the whole land from the Atlantic to the Pacific was dotted with them.

"At this the shadowy angel turned his face southward, and from Africa I saw an ill-omened spectre approaching our land. It flitted slowly and heavily over every village, town and city of the latter, the inhabitants of which set themselves in battle array, one against the other. As I continued looking I saw a bright angel on whose brow rested a crown of light, on which was traced the word Union bearing the American flag, which he placed between the divided nations, and said, 'Remember! ye are brethren!'

"Instantly the inhabitants, casting forth their weapons, became friends once more and united around the national standard. And again I heard the mysterious voice, 'Son of the Republic, the second part is passed—look and learn!'

"And I beheld the villages and cities of America increase in size and number, till at last they covered all the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and their inhabitants became as countless as the stars in heaven, or the sand upon the sea shore.

"And again I heard the mysterious voice saying, 'Son of the Republic—the end of a century cometh—look and learn.'

"At this the dark and shadowy angel placed a trumpet to his mouth and blew three distinct blasts, and taking water from the ocean, sprinkled it out upon Europe, Asia and Africa.

"Then my eyes looked upon a fearful scene! From each of these countries arose thick black clouds, which soon joined into one; and through this mass gleamed a dark, red light, by which I saw hordes of armed men who, moving with the cloud, marched by land and sailed by the sea to America, which country was presently enveloped in the volume of the cloud. And I dimly saw these vast armies devastate the whole country, and pillage and burn the villages, cities and towns which I had beheld springing up. As my ear listened to the thundering of cannon, clashing of

swords, and shouts and cries of the millions in mortal combat, I again heard the mysterious voice saying—'Son of the Republic, look and learn.' When the voice ceased, the dark, shadowy angel placed his trumpet once more to his mouth, and blew a long and fearful blast.

"Instantly, light, as from a thousand suns, shone down from above me, and pierced and broke into fragments the dark cloud which enveloped America. At the same moment I saw the angel upon whose forehead still shone the word Union, and who bore our national flag in one hand, and a sword in the other, descend from heaven, attended by legions of bright spirits. These immediately joined the inhabitants of America, who seemed to take courage, again closed up their ranks and renewed the battle. Again, amid the fearful noise of the conflict, I heard a mysterious voice saying,—'Son of the Republic, look and learn.'

"As the voice ceased, the shadowy angel, for the last time, dipped water from the ocean and sprinkled it upon America. Instantly the dark cloud rolled back, together with the armies it had brought, leaving the inhabitants of the land victorious.

"Then once more I beheld the villages, towns and cities springing up where they had been before, while the bright angel, planting the azure standard he had brought in the midst of them, cried in a loud voice to the inhabitants—'While the stars remain and the heavens send down dew upon the earth, so long shall the Republic last.'

"And taking from his brow the crown, on which blazed the word Union, he placed it upon the standard, while all the people, kneeling down, said 'Amen!'

"The scene instantly began to fade and dissolve; and I saw nothing but the rising, curling white vapor I had first beheld. This also disappearing, I found myself once more gazing upon my mysterious visitor, who in the same mysterious voice I had heard before, said:

"'Son of the Republic, what you have seen is thus interpreted: Three perils will come upon the Republic. The most fearful is the second, passing which the whole world united shall never be able to prevail against her. Let every child of the Republic learn to live for his God, his land and Union.'

"With these words the figure vanished. I started from my seat, and felt that I had been shown the birth, progress and destiny of the Republic of the United States. Disunion would be her destruction."

Such, my friends, were the words I heard from Washington's own lips, and America will do well to profit by them. Let her remember that in Union she has strength, in disunion is her destruction.

February Entertainment.

By Morag.

"We gladly indite you this note, and invite you
On Washington's birthday to come
And join in a hearty, patriotic party,
With friends who will make you at home."
Signed, *Lottie and Ella Arbor.*

The boys found this note in their mail, on their return from school.

"A jolly invitation," said Ernest Plackett to his chum and room-mate Fred Parker. "Shall we go?" he continued.

"Sure we will," returned Fred. "Mrs. Arbor is the lovliest mother I know, and makes a fellow feel right at home at once. My mother died years ago, and I always think of her whenever I see Ella's mother—while Ella—she is such a jolly girl friend. Lottie suits me O. K.," said Ernest, "so it's settled, we'll go."

The Arbor home was ablaze with light and flags, as the boys left the suburban car and took the short-cut across the fields. Arriving, they were welcomed by the girls and introduced to the assembled company. Each member of the family had invited one friend and they were all busy. Old Major Pursell, a civil war veteran, was relating some of his experiences, while in a corner his wife, and mother Arbor, were reminding each other of the happy days, when they were girls.

Mara and her lover John Strange were sitting on the broad window seat. Harold was busy showing his collection of flags to his boy chum, while Jim and baby Lilian romped in the dining room with two of their cousins. Only Charlie seemed alone—his thoughts were far away in the Hawaiian Islands where a fair-haired maiden was engaged in missionary work along with her parents.

"Cheer up, Charl.," said the lively Jim. "Nora will soon come home. You know her father expects his release as soon as school term is over, and then—"

"Ah then—" sighed Charlie.

"Yes, then," returned Jim, "it will be welcome parties, announcement affairs, showers and a wedding. I'm to be her bridesmaid, too," Jim continued, throwing back her curls, "am I not?"

"Now, children," said father, "our entertainment will commence." And in a short fervent prayer Henry Arbor returned

thanks to the gracious Heavenly Father for the glorious privileges they enjoyed in the land of the free, and for the inspired constitution of the country, and for the great men who labored and died to bring freedom and liberty to the people.

The twins then played some patriotic airs, and all present sang the national anthem.

Major Purcell then gave reminiscences of the war, and this was followed by a reading by Mara, of Lincoln's favorite poem, "Oh why should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" written by Knox.

"It's Ernest's turn now," said Lottie, with a coaxing glance at the broad-shouldered boy. "Give us a story, Ern., tell us that one you related at devotional last week at school, 'A Perfect Tribute.' "

Thus encouraged the boy told the pathetic story of the great Lincoln and the dying soldier.

"I know that Gettysburg speech, too," remarked Harold when Ernest concluded.

"Tell me a 'tory, muvver," lisped baby Lilian. "There was a little boy, an' his fa'ver had a cherry tree, and he cut it all down wif his little hatchet," she said.

"Bring in the cherry tree," cried Jim, and a large, paper cherry tree was brought in and pinned on the wall. Each one was given a paper hatchet, and, blindfolded, tried in turn to chop it down.

A number of other games followed, interspread with patriotic songs, and then at 10:30 refreshments were served consisting of cherry pie, cake and sherbet.

Raising their water glasses high Mr. Arbor proposed the following toast:

"Here's to the tree and the cherries it bore,
Here's to the hatchet that smote it full sore,
Here's to the lad that was honest and true,
Here's to his colors, the red, white and blue,
Here's to his sword with the laurel entwined,
Here's to the hero in all hearts enshrined."
—Washington,
Arthur Guiterman.

Patriotic Salad, No. 1.

Scoop out Jonathan apples, make salad of chopped celery, nuts and apples. Serve on blue plates with small, white paper doilies in the red apple cups.

Patriotic Salad No. 2.

Ripe tomatoes may be used instead of apples.

Entertainment Notes.

Dickens' birthday occurs in February, and a Dickens' evening could be arranged—either a costume character party, a literary evening, or a series of tableaux.

February 27 is Longfellow's birthday, and a similar affair might be arranged from his works, tableaux, readings and songs.

Valentine Dayparties are very popular.

TOO BUSY.

We are busy folks in a busy world,
Madly rushing to and fro,
There are so many things to be done,
So many places to go,
That we haven't time to really live,
So we put things off, with a sigh,
And we dream of the wonderful things we'll do,
In the beautiful by and by.

Too busy to take a walk in the woods,
With the dear one who longs to go.
Too busy to write a letter of love
To the mother aged and slow;
Too busy to visit a friend who is ill,
Who has almost forgotten to smile;
Too busy to do a thousand things
That I'm sure would be really worth while.

Too busy to think of a cheery word,
To pass to a comrade who's sad.
Too busy to kiss the face of a child
That its little heart might be glad.
Too busy to rest, too busy to pray,
Too busy to laugh, or to smile.
Too busy doing the lesser things—
Too busy to make life worth while.

Manti, Utah. MRS. PARLEY NELSON.

Notes from the Field.

By the General Secretary, Amy Brown Lyman.

ST. PAUL, MINN., RELIEF SOCIETY.

Northern States Mission.

The St. Paul Relief Society is a very flourishing organization composed of energetic and industrious women. There are thirteen members in the Society, every one of whom has a McAllister Record in her home. This Society has sent one hundred and forty-six names to the Temple.

Sunday, September 24, was set apart as Genealogical Day in the Northern States Mission. Meetings have been reported from the following branches: Indianapolis, Evansville, and Bicknell, Indiana; Springfield and Peoria, Illinois; Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Grand Rapids, Michigan; Minneapolis, Minnesota. At these meetings a great deal of enthusiasm was manifested and following are some of the subjects discussed: "History of Genealogy," "Genealogy Explained," "Temple Building," "Temple Work," "Testimonies of Ancient and Modern Prophets," and "Ancient Prophecies Concerning Genealogy."

Nurse School.

The Relief Society School of Nursing and Obstetrics began the school year on Monday, September 19, with an enrollment of twenty-two. At the present time we have twenty-seven students, fourteen taking the Nurse course and thirteen taking both Obstetrics and Nursing. The course in Invalid Cooking was opened on December 4 with Mrs. Anna Grant Midgley as instructor, and much interest is manifested in this department. The school recently purchased a maniken or hospital doll, to be used as a practical substitute for the human subject in teaching nursing and care of the body. The doll is five feet in length, weighs twenty pounds and is built according to the measurements of an adult body. It lends itself admirably to demonstrations of all sorts such as, bandaging, bed-making, bathing, etc., and is thus a very important and valuable piece of apparatus for our school.

Liberty Stake.

In connection with the Teachers' Department, the Liberty stake has done a great deal of what they have termed "Home Bound Work." This work consists of making special visits to those who are confined to their homes on account of sickness or old-age, and are thus unable to attend their meetings or services of any sort. The object of this work is to take good cheer, hope, and spiritual uplift to those who are lonely and weary. A special committee consisting of twelve members has this work in charge, and during the last year, friendly visits have been made to 368 poor sufferers, and in the two months that have just gone, eighty-two persons have thus been cared for—all this in addition to the regular monthly visits of the teachers. During the year the Liberty stake has been very active in genealogical and temple work and has proceeded very systematically in all phases of the same. On the stake days 1,144 visits in all have been made to the Temple. It is reported that one hundred temple workers have been made ready for ordinance work, one hundred and thirty-nine family records have been placed, and forty family organizations have been formed.

REORGANIZATIONS.

Curlew Stake.

The Curlew Stake Relief Society was reorganized November 4th. Mrs. Mary E. Bennett, the President, resigned her position on account of a change of residence, and Sister Rebecca N. Cutler was appointed to take her place. Sister Bennett had held this position only two years, since the new Curlew Stake was organized, and during this short time has exerted herself early and late

to lay the foundation in this new Stake for a vigorous Relief Society. The new Stake officers are as follows:

Mrs. Rebecca M. Cutler, President; Mrs. Annie Daley, First Counselor; Mrs. Mabel Z. Larkin, Second Counselor; Miss Ann Hurd, Secretary; Miss Rhoda B. Larkin, Treasurer; Mrs. Ila Cottam, Organist; Mrs. Mary A. Arbon, Chorister.

Board Members: Mrs. Maggie Bowen, Mrs. Lucy Roe, Mrs. Christina Harris, Mrs. A. M. Seeley, Mrs. Ella Lund, Mrs. Melissa Smith.

Wasatch Stake.

The Wasatch Stake has recently been reorganized. Mrs. Joannah E. Jensen, one of the most capable of our Presidents was forced to resign on account of ill-health. Mrs. Jensen has performed her duties in connection with this office faithfully and efficiently and has always been alert and progressive. At the time the Relief Society Magazine was first launched and the stake presidents were personally obtaining subscriptions, Mrs. Jensen's first subscription list contained 92 names. This is but one instance of the energy and earnestness with which she went about her labors.

Although Mrs. Jensen has seen fit to lay aside her work in the Stake Presidency, we feel sure she will lend her interest and support to Relief Society work in general.

Panguitch Stake.

Mrs. Hannah A. Crosby has resigned as President of the Panguitch Stake Relief Society on account of change of residence to St. George where she expects to devote her time to temple work.

Mrs. Crosby has long been a faithful worker in the Relief Society and because of her spirituality, integrity and devotion to duty she has made an enviable record. Mrs. Crosby's sweet personality and unselfishness have made her exceedingly popular throughout her stake and wherever she is known. Following are the new officers in the Panguitch Stake:

Sarah E. Cameron, President; Geske Henrie, First Counselor; Matilda Sargent, Second Counselor; Sarah D. Syrett, Secretary; Sarah A. Houston, Treasurer; Minnie B. Gardener, Organist; Annie M. Houston, Chorister.

Board Members: Martha E. Church, Sarah E. Ipson, Thurza R. Lister, Lavinah E. Allen.

Northwestern States Mission.

During the year of 1916, the Northwestern States Mission has more than doubled its membership, as well as its number of

branches. The report of December, 1915, showed 10 branches. There are now 24 branches, with the prospects of 5 or 6 new ones being added at the beginning of the new year.

The Portland Relief Society has just closed one of the most successful bazaars in its history.

Idaho Stake.

A new stake has been added to our list, to be known as the Idaho Stake. This organization came about as a result of the division of Bannock Stake. Mrs. Sarah M. McClellan of Bancroft, Idaho has been appointed President of this new stake.

St. Joseph Stake.

In the early autumn, the Relief Societies of the St. Joseph Stake were called upon by President Andrew G. Kimball to furnish for the boys of the Arizona National Guard, who were encamped on the Mexican Border, comfort bags, containing toilet articles, socks, towels, pins, needles, thread, and other useful accessories. It is unnecessary to add that this call was responded to in a whole-souled fashion.

"Are Teachers Officers?"

The question often arises among our workers as to whether or not teachers are officers. The question was discussed recently in connection with the plans for the general teachers' convention, and it was decided to continue to abide by the established rule —that teachers be not counted as officers. Teachers have a distinct and unique work of particular importance to perform, and this work puts them in a class by themselves.

Special Donation to Manti Temple.

The Manti Temple recently received a donation of 170 yards of carpet, 80 yards from the North Sanpete stake and 90 yards from the South Sanpete stake

Stake Organization.

The appeal often comes into the office for suggestions on Stake Organization and as the Utah stake is so well organized, we are giving their plan and explanatory notes with the thought that other stakes may take suggestions from it. Officers: President, First Counselor, Second Counselor, Secretary, Assistant Secretary, Corresponding Secretary, Treasurer.

Following are the stake committees, the membership of which is all made up from the stake board:

Associate Committee: Chairman, Assistant Chairman, two other members.

Teachers' Committee: Chairman, Assistant Chairman, six other members.

Genealogical Committee: Chairman, Assistant Chairman, two other members.

Home Economics Committee: Chairman, Assistant Chairman, three other members.

Literary Committee: Chairman, Assistant Chairman, three other members.

"The office of our associate committee is to interest themselves in the moral welfare of our young people; to co-operate with the schools, city officials, and young peoples' auxilliaries, for their good in whatever direction may be necessary.

"Once each month all the committees meet as a board to attend to regular stake work. At this meeting, each committee reports the progress of its special work.

"Immediately following this meeting all ward committees in the stake meet with their respective stake committee who present the lesson as outlined in the *Magazine,* enlarging upon the same and provoking discussion that will be helpful when reproduced.

"On this same day the local officers and teachers meet with the stake teachers' committee, at which meeting one of the stake presidency of Relief Society presides. In this section one of the local bishops presents the teachers' topic. This same topic is presented again in the ward societies by a society member. In this way the teachers may become familiar with the topic.

"In short all of the outlined work is familiarized and presented by stake committees and reproduced in wards by ward committees.

"This meeting at which the ward officers, teachers, and committees assemble for their instruction and outlined work occurs on Union Sunday when all the quorums and auxiliaries of the stake assemble for their month's work. All committees meet separately."

California Mission.

The Relief Society in San Bernardino, California, has taken up all the lessons outlined in the years' course, but has been especially interested in the Women of the Bible. The members have made and distributed a great deal of childrens' clothing among those in need.

The San Diego Relief Society has a membership of 26, an average attendance of 10, and reports 7 subscribers to the *Relief Society Magazine.*

The Binghampton, Arizona, Relief Society has a membership of 42, and an average attendance of 20. The members are all

devoted to the Society work, and are ready to make personal sacrifices to carry it forward. The Binghampton Relief Society is located a few miles out of Tucson.

Sevier Stake.

In the death of Mrs. Mary Ann Nickerson, of Salina, Utah, the Relief Society loses another of the few remaining women who lived in Nauvoo. Mrs. Nickerson was borne in Pennsylvania in 1822, joined the Church in 1837, and was a resident of Nauvoo at the time of the martyrdom. With her young husband, she left with one of the early companies of pioneers for the west, driving a team herself, the whole distance across the plains to Salt Lake Valley. They arrived in Utah in 1850. Mrs. Nickerson was the mother of six children, twenty-six grandchildren, and fifty-eight great grandchildren.

Suggestions to Officers.

At the last General Officers' meeting, it was recomdmended that the stakes have official stationery printed for correspondence, and many of the stakes have adopted the suggestion, and are using neat letterheads. This action on the part of the stakes is especially appreciated at the General Office, where letters are classified and filed for reference.

Another valuable suggestion to stake officers is that they invest in a small letter file, in which they may file and preserve all important letters for future reference. Letters of instructions are often sent out from the General Office, and should be kept for reference. Alphabetically arranged letter-files can be had at the book stores for 50 cents each.

NOTE.

The General Board of the Relief Society have established a Home Economics department for the members of the Society, associating their work with the Utah Agricultural College, and thus securing skilled teachers and lecturers from the Government school. We recommend all our members to throw the weight and influence of their presence and numbers into our own departmental work, as we aim to provide them with every up-to-date method and instruction obtainable. We suggest to officers that they invite, not only our own members to join these classes, but any non-members who may desire to participate in the benefits of this department. They will be welcome. Let us be loyal to our own Society first, last and all the time.

Home Science Department.

By Janette A. Hyde.

During the early settlement of Utah, one of the first principles taught the Latter-day Saint women, was the conservation of food by way of drying fruits and vegetables. Many of the sons and daughters of these days will recall, with scented memory, the strings of pumpkin which hung in the kitchen to be dried for winter use, the sacks of dried fruit and corn that were put away to be used very sparingly later in the season. No such luxuries as are found on the tables today were ever dreamed of then. Molasses, peach preserves, honey dew plums and sweet preserved apples, with stick cinnamon for flavoring were used only on company days, birthday parties, or for the family holidays, and other social entertainments. One must be reminded of the past of our own people, and their days of hardship, in order to appreciate and sympathize with the present situation of the countries at war.

We note that Berlin has in operation drying plants to enable the people to conserve the surplus vegetables grown during the productive seasons, that not one atom of food shall be wasted. Such foods as carrots, cabbages, potatoes, and kale are found suitable for drying.

These plants are operated in connection with great gas plants of the City where an abundance of cheap fuel is obtained from the gas retorts and coal cars. This method has proved wonderfully successful inasmuch as it furnishes cheap food for those housed in charitable institutions, as well as creating work for several hundreds of women and children.

We suggest that those of our people who are blessed with facilities to produce food materials, see to it that not one particle of food shall go to waste. We have urged, from time to time, that corn be dried, also apples, peaches, pears, and other fruits, as Salt Lake City affords a splendid market for the disposition of all such products, if properly prepared. Our stores are filled with evaporated fruits, shipped in for sale, while in this inter-mountain country, hundreds of bushels of fruit have at times dried on the trees, or have been left to rot upon the ground. Let us confess to an indifference and departure from the early teachings of our pioneer fathers and mothers, and set about at once to mend our ways, and go back to some of the good, old-fashioned, sensible things, taught to us by those sturdy men and women of worth and good example. And while city housekeepers are pleased that we are blessed and prospered in many ways which makes life easier

for us, and the necessities of life more easily obtained, we still can put into operation, with profit and pleasure, many of the ex-examples of thrift and industry of the great men and women of our Church and state.

We urge upon all our sisters who have received the appointment through the Relief Society for the correspondence extension course, provided by the Agricultural College, to be very prompt with the written work required of them, that it shall be handed in on scheduled time, so that our Home Science Cause may not be retarded in any way. We also recommend that whenever there is a roundup or convention held in the different counties in their respective states, that our teachers and all members attend as far as their time will permit. We feel it is a great privilege to have special instructions and specially outlined courses for all our Relief Society women, with similar blessings to all Utah women and special privileges to none. So let us make the best of this great opportunity by attending whenever possible

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MEMORIES.

O they come to me so tenderly,
  Sweet thoughts of long ago;
When I a maiden merrily
  Tho't all this world aglow.
Sweet dreams of future happiness
  Were daily, hourly, mine.
They've come in stern reality,
  But thorns with them I find.

But why should I the roses pluck
  Without the thorn to feel;
Why should I hope to dream life's dreams,
  Unless I make them real.
In every joy there is a pain,
  A sigh will follow song;
God gives us all a cherished life,
  To earth we all belong.

MARIE JENSEN.

Basalt, Idaho.

Current Topics.

By James H. Anderson.

SEVEN DOLLARS a ton for beets in 1917 is good for the growers, but affords no promise of cheaper sugar to the consumer.

WHEAT acreage in the United States is considerably greater for 1917 than it was for 1916—a much needed condition.

RADIUM as a cancer cure has been found to be ineffective, thus shattering the hopes of many sufferers from the terrible malady.

AMERICANS in Turkey are to be permitted to leave, at Germany's request, after a request therefor by the United States had been denied.

THE UTAH STATE FAIR will be held in September this year, thus giving good prospect for fair weather which heretofore usually has been denied at the later season.

IRISH prisoners to the number of nearly 600, who took part in the recent Sein Fein uprising in Ireland, have been released from prison in Great Britain.

MEXICO has added two revolutions the past month, one in the state of Jalisco and the other in Oaxaca. Surely peace is yet far off in our southern neighbor's domain.

UTAH BATTERY A has returned from the Mexican border. A cordial reception was given the returned batterymen on their arrival in Salt Lake City.

MILITARY authorities in the United States now declare in favor of universal military training. They have learned that the United States is utterly unprepared for even a defensive war.

RETIRING STATE OFFICERS who have had to do with finances in Utah uniformly recommended ways of increasing the State's income by various methods of further heavy taxation, but none suggested the needed economy in every branch of the State's affairs.

THE FORD MOTOR CO., to relieve the railway car shortage

complained of, closed down for a week in December, at the same time relieving its workmen of $1,400,000 in wages through the enforced idleness.

ABSOLUTE PROHIBITION of alcoholic liquors in the District of Columbia was defeated in the United States Senate by a vote of 61 to 8. The provision in its favor was introduced by Senator Smoot, of Utah.

THE UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY, at the close of 1916, paid to 22,000 employees whose salary is under $4,000 each per year, a bonus amounting to $1,500,000—something surely substantial in that Christmas gift.

FIVE NATIONS engaged in war changed all or part of their cabinet officers the past month—Austria, Russia, Japan, France and Great Britain; each of them with a view to more intense warfare.

JEWISH magnanimity toward the Hebrew race received an illustration at a meeting held in New York the week before Christmas, when nearly $2,500,000 was raised by those present to aid Jewish sufferers from the European war.

THE NEW 640 ACRE homestead law requires seven months' residence on the land. Under this provision, there yet remains millions of acres of the public domain in the west that must continue in government ownership.

GERMANY has announced a willingness to make peace, but no terms are given. Great Britain also expresses a similar wish, but states no terms. It is understood, however, that each side is so far from the other's view of what should be that peace is impossible for many months to come.

ROUMANIA has been practically overrun by the Teutonic armies. The fighting ability of the Roumanians was greatly overrated, the result being a decided disadvantage to the Entente allies, both from a moral and a military standpoint.

UTAH SCHOOL TEACHERS assembled in convention in Salt Lake City passed a resolution to take the office of State Superintendent of public instruction out of politics by making that official appointive. As there is proportionately more political jugglery connected with appointive than with elective officers, the teachers have something to learn.

EDITORIAL

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Motto—Charity Never Faileth.

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RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY IN ITS ATTITUDE TO DRESS AND SOCIAL CUSTOMS.

The Presidency Issues a Call.

The First Presidency of the Church have paid the high compliment of asking this Society to lead out in a general movement looking to a change in some of the prevalent modes of dress, dancing, and of general behavior among the young and old people. Old—for the young will never indulge in unseemly conduct unless their elders wink at it in the initial stages of its development.

We Will Go Carefully.

We are not disposed to begin this movement too hastily, nor with overmuch zeal. When individuals or the public are sick, your curative doses must not be too heavy, at first, lest prostration result. But sickness—which is a physical body out of harmony with the laws of nature—needs curative remedies. And the public generally, which includes the majority of persons, is certainly sick. When our girls and women go into public places with their dresses three inches shorter than their shoe-tops, with nothing to cover their bodies from arm-pits and corset rim, to chin, except transparent muslin—when they go in bathing clothed in tiny trunks and shoes only—with

mothers complacently looking on, and fathers and brothers allowing such exposures, and with moral standards gradually lowering to accommodate these lapses—there is something certainly "rotten in Utah." Mothers who have persistently violated modesty and their own covenants by wearing short sleeves and half-low necks, who have been card-players, breakers of the Word of Wisdom, and of the Sabbath Day—these mothers would naturally view with entire complacency the half naked condition of their daughters in public places. But when these examples spread, and we hear good Latter-day Saint mothers defending such looseness on the ground of expediency, or common custom, it is time for public teachers and watchers upon the towers of Zion to arise and cry out a warning note.

Our Great Opportunity.

What can we do, then, women and sisters, members and officers in this Relief Society? We can guard our own conduct. Any little lapse from the strict rules of modesty in dress, speech, or behavior, of which we may have been guilty must be reformed before we can expect a change in greater lapses on the part of our daughters or granddaughters.

Watch Ourselves.

We can refuse to countenance by word or thought the immodesty shown by our children or grand-children. If they are grown or married, and they will indulge in these things, at least we may not smile at it nor treat it as a light matter. Don't be deceived—Satan fools a good many people with that phrase, "be easy on the young people." Be as easy as you will on the young person, but never, under any circumstances, be easy on her folly or violation of moral decencies.

Let Us Reform Ourselves.

We can refuse to read or buy books and magazines that exploit adultery and loose moral standards. We can remain away from theaters and picture shows that portray vice and sin in glittering colors and suggestive references. A play recently produced in this city was so vile in action, word, and reference, that good people who inadvertently attended it, suffered for days from a sense of personal humiliation; yet the play was beautifully staged, and presented by a first-class company. Such evident decadence of public, moral standards fills the mind with disgust, and a horror of the future for this nation and other nations like this one. Mothers and fathers can't afford to be seen at such places. When absent they can consistently advise their children not to attend.

More Chances To Help.

We can refuse to buy or to make clothing for ourselves and our daughters which exposes the body and is indecently immodest. If girls earn their own money, at least a mother may advise and assist her daughter to choose wisely. If mother's word is insufficient, let father be called into the council. Don't worry over that old gag about the stern parent driving away the wild son or daughter by harshness. Ninety children go wrong from over-indulgence and weakness where ten go wrong from harshness and severity. This is the age of obedient parents, you know.

The Safe Preventive.

Finally, which is the wisest preventive of all, we can devote our days and nights to contriving ways and means to keep our young people constantly engaged and employed in interesting work and clean amusements of all kinds, so that their minds and hands are not left idle. Drive out evil with good.

Here endeth the first lesson!

OUR GENERAL PRESIDENT.

The General Board, the Stake and Ward officers, and every member of the Relief Society join in loving congratulations to our honored President, Emmeline B. Wells, on her birthday. She will be eighty-nine years young on the last day of February. Woe to the wight who calls her old, feeble, or grandmother. She is our lovable and honored President, Emmeline B. Wells.

Guide Lessons.

SECOND WEEK IN MARCH.

BIBLE LESSON.

SEEKING A WIFE—REBECCA.

(Reading: Genesis Twenty-Fourth.)

Seeking a wife in marriage, from the very beginning, has been one of man's chief and most delightful interests: But there are ways and ways of doing this necessary thing. One of these ways we shall discover in the case of Rebecca's winning by Isaac.

This is quite a suggestive romance, when you stop to think of it—that affair of this interesting couple. Getting down under the surface of the details presented to us in Genesis and in Josephus, we disclose some foundational ideas in the affairs of marriage, and also some customs in vogue during those ancient times which it would be by no means to our discredit to imitate.

But let us get some other, and less important, matters off our hands first.

In those days, as in these, people lived in what we call the country and the city. Isaac's home was in the country; Rebecca's in the city. It must be remembered, however, that the city of those ancient times was very different from ours. What Nahor, the town where Rebecca lived, was like can be surmised from the following description:

> This pastoral region was to become so distinctively the home of that portion of the race which remained on the far side of the Euphrates, that it became known as the "town of Nahor."
>
> A vast limestone plateau, seamed by deep ravines, extends east and northeast of Corfu, but sinks into an alluvial plain to the south. On the slope of a low hill in the midst of this lies Haran, looking out over a wide and richly fertile level, of more than twenty square miles in extent. A circle of low volanic hills shuts in the view and marks the character of the landscape towards the Euphrates. Small brooks appear after rains, but they soon disappear, and leave the open expanse to the fierce heat of the sun. In winter the temperature is low, but in summer the heat is intolerable, especially when the wind blows from the Southern Arabian desert. October and November see all traces of vegetation burnt up, except on the edge of any trickle of water; but, as soon as rain falls, all nature revives, though only to be speedily withered by the winter winds. Spring alone covers the soil with a comparatively more abiding carpet of grass, varied by countless flowers of every color, and offering every attraction of form and height. It is, however, as a whole, far from being what we should think a desirable climate. The change to summer is as rapid as that which ushers in the spring. The verdure of

the plains perishes in a day. Hot winds from the desert burn up and carry away the shrubs; flights of locusts, darkening the air, destroy the few patches of cultivation, and complete the havoc begun by the heat of the sun, which soon grows over the face of the country, and can be seen advancing from the desert, carrying with them clouds of sand and dust. Almost utter darkness prevails during their passage, which lasts, generally, about an hour, and nothing can resist their fury. The Arabs strike their black tents and live during these hot months in sheds of reeds and grass, on the banks of the river: if they can find a spot furnishing the materials for such shelters. The thermometer ranges from 112 to 115, or even 117 degrees; and hot winds sweep, like blasts from a furnace, over the desert during the day, while they drive away sleep by night. Compared with such a home Canaan was a paradise.

In the town itself, the ruins of an ancient stronghold, built of large blocks of basalt, still attest the military importance of the position. Nor was it less favorably placed for commerce. Four roads passed through it from the earliest times: to Assyria, on the east; to Babylon and the Persian Gulf on the southeast; towards Asia Minor on the north, and to Syria on the southwest.

At the foot of the slope which is crowned by the ruins of the fortress, are nestled the beehive-shaped huts of the Bedouin population, who thus, like the inhabitants of the many villages of the open plain, still use dwellings exactly similar to those seen on ancient Assyrian slabs; scarcity, or rather want, of timber, forcing them to adopt this singular style of building. Bare stone walls raised without cement into the shape of a sugar loaf, with a hole at the top for light, have in all ages been characteristic of the neighborhood. Everywhere in the plain one meets traces of ancient canals of irrigation, by which the waters of the Belik were utilized to spread fertility throughout the year on all sides. But the traveler is especially attracted by the "Wells of Rebecca," where Eliezer met the future wife of Isaac, and where Sarah had certainly often been, long before her. Even now, the flocks of Haran gather round them each morning, and the women still come to them to draw water for the day's use.

The fullest description of this temporary home of Abraham, which became the permanent center of the eastern branch of his race, is given by Dr. Malan. He approached it from the north, where "the green slopes of the lower hills of Armenia" have sunk into a rolling level as the traveler advances from Edessa, or Corfa, the hills on the right hand and on the left of the plain recede farther and farther, until you find yourself fairly launched on the desert ocean; a boundless plain, strewed at times with patches of the brightest flowers, at other times with rich and green pastures, covered with flocks of sheep and goats feeding together; here and there a few camels, and the son or daughter of their owner tending them. One can quite understand that the sons of this open country, the Bedouin, love it, and cannot leave it; no other soil would suit them. The air is so fresh, the horizon is so far, and man feels so free, that it seems made for those whose life is to roam at pleasure and who owe allegiance to none but themselves. The ruins of the castle surmounting a mound makes Haran a landmark plainly visible from every part of the plain. That same day I walked at even to the well I had passed in the afternoon, coming from Corfu; the well of this, the city of Nahor, "at the time of the evening—the time when women go out to draw water." There was a group of them filling, no longer their pitchers, since the steps down which Rebecca went to fetch the water

are now blocked up—but filling their waterskins, by drawing water at the well's mouth. Everything around that well bears signs of age and of the wear of time; for, as it is the only well of drinkable water there, it is much resorted to. Other wells are only for watering the flocks. There we find the troughs of various height, for camels, for sheep, and for goats, for kids and for lambs; there the women wear nose-rings, and bracelets on their arms, some of gold or of silver, and others of brass, or even of glass. One of these was seen in the distance, bringing to water her flock of fine patriarchal sheep; ere she reached the well, shepherds, more civil than their brethren of Horeb, had filled the troughs with water for her sheep. She was the sheik's daughter, the "beautiful and well-favored Sadheefeh." As the shadows of the grass and of the low shrubs around the well lengthened and grew dim, and the sun sank below the horizon, the women left in small groups; the shepherds followed them, and I was left alone in this vast solitude."—Geikie, "Hours with the Bible," Vol. I, Chap. 14.

Rebecca was like the Sheik's daughter. When Abraham's servant came to the well at Nahor, he asked more than Laban's sister for a drink, though they all refused, and only Rebecca took down her jug and quenched his thirst and that of his camels. This custom of women doing heavy work is characteristic of all primitive peoples. Indeed, some of the more civilized peoples of Europe today have not entirely gotten over this habit. As a rule, Americans treat their women better than most other peoples.

Oriental travel in those far-away days was accomplished almost altogether by means of the camel. This animal was the most serviceable for the purpose, largely because he could go a long time without water. Those were not the days of the automobile, the steam railway, the electric line, or even the horse-carriage.

It is in the matter of marriage, however, that we see the greatest contrast with our own times.

Marriage with Abraham was a very solemn affair. So it was with his people after him. He and they, as do the Latter-day Saints today, enshrined it in the sanctities of religion. Listen to that well-known conversation between the Patriarch and his servant:

"And Abraham said unto the eldest servant of his house, that ruled over all that he had, 'Put, I pray theee, thy hand under my thigh; and I will make thee swear by the Lord, the God of heaven, and the God of the earth, that thou shalt not take a wife unto my son of the daughters of the Canaanites, among whom I dwell. But thou shalt go unto my country, and to my kindred, and take a wife unto my son Isaac.'

"And the servant said unto him, 'Peradventure the woman will not be willing to follow me into this land, must I needs bring thy son again unto the land from whence thou camest?'

"And Abraham said unto him, 'Beware thou that thou bring not my son thither again. The Lord God of heaven, which took

me from my father's house, and from the land of my kindred, and which spake unto me, and that sware unto me, saying, "Unto thy seed will I give this land"—he shall send his angel before thee, and thou shalt take a wife unto my son from thence. And if the woman will not be willing to follow thee, then thou shalt be clear from this my oath. Only, bring not my son thither again.'

"And the servant put his hand under the thigh of Abraham his master, and sware to him concerning that matter."

From this passage it is clear that Abraham held a marriage between his son and a Canaanitish woman in utter abhorrence. There was only one thing he would not rather see happen—the return of the family to the land from which he had been called by the voice of Jehovah. So he made his most trustworthy servant swear in the most solemn manner and in the name of God that he would do his best to turn aside such an evil chance. Why? Because Abraham had been given a sacred promise by the Lord concerning "the seed." It thus became his duty—there is no higher word—to preserve the purity of this seed. In the marriage of Isaac, therefore, the Patriarch appears to have been thinking of his remote posterity rather than of the personal happiness of his son. In terms of our own day, race was with him the prime consideration in marriage.

Coupled very closely with this idea is the Abrahamic conception of the purpose of marriage. And this conception, as we shall see over and over again, was held to with great tenacity by his descendants. It was, that marriage is chiefly racial, rather than individual, in its aims and purposes. That Sarah was barren appears to have given Abraham more or less concern. Today alas barrenness is often assiduously cultivated in certain quarters of worldly society.

It followed naturally from this ideal of marriage that the contracting parties, being young and inexperienced, should not have the final say in the matter of the mating. Indeed, they appear to have had no say in the matter at all. And this was true at the time of which we are speaking, not only in the case of Isaac, but of others as well. Abraham seems to have taken the initiative; the servant chose the young lady; and Isaac did not see her till she was brought home to him "engaged." Nor does it appear that she was consulted in the matter. For, according to Josephus, she told the servant at the well that her brother Laban was "the guardian of her virginity." Moreover, the question which the Bible account says was put to her in the words, "Wilt thou go with this man?" was really intended to ascertain whether she would go before ten days or abide with her family for a time. How different, this, from the independent attitude of young people today, with their ideas of individual happiness, who look upon

the slightest hint from their parents that so-and-so will not do for them, as an unwarrantable interference with their personal rights and liberty! And yet how reasonable is the thought that God could as easily inspire the wise parents to choose rightly, as He could the immature young people, often guided only by sex-impulses.

There is present in this incident the thought that God directs all matters. "Behold," says the servant, "I stand here by the well of water, and the daughters of the men of the city come out to draw water. And let it come to pass that the damsel to whom I shall say, 'Let down thy pitcher, I pray thee, that I may drink;' and she shall say, 'Drink, and I will give thy camels drink also'—let the same be she that thou hast appointed for thy servant Isaac." And when this very thing happened, he took it for a sign that the hand of the Lord was guiding him. Abraham himself had already promised the servant that the Lord would "send his angel before thee."

Marriage, therefore, among this rising people, whatever it may have been among other peoples of the age, was an institution established for purposes of race perpetuation, which ought to be guided, not by the personal whims, caprices, and fancies of young, inexperienced persons, but rather by the matured wisdom of such elders as have posterity in mind and know what is good for posterity.

There seems to be even in the outside world a veering of sentiments respecting marriage, back, in some respects, to this ancient conception we have been speaking of. It is coming to be more and more believed among wise men of the world that marriage is after all a social or communal institution and that therefore society should have the direction of it in its own hands. Of this fact recent marriage laws in various states are an attestation. Collective man is endeavoring more than ever to say who shall and who shall not marry and to prescribe the conditions that shall obtain in the rearing of children. The Latter-day Saints teach, and have always taught, that those entering the marriage relation should seek divine guidance in the selection of a companion "for time and for eternity."

QUESTIONS.

1. Give some of the conditions under which people lived at the time of Rebecca. 2. How was long-distance travel accomplished in those days? 3. State the substance of the conversation between Abraham and his servant concerning Isaac. 4. Why did Abraham hold in such abhorrence a marriage between his son and a Canaanitish woman? 5. Is there any matrimonial al-

liance which he would avoid for his son today, if he were living here? 6. What do you think of the practice of those times of not consulting the contracting parties in their marriage? Would such an idea work today? Why? 7. Why should the state have something to say in the matter of who should marry and the conditions of child-rearing? How much should the state have? 8. What, in your opinion, are some things that should prevent the marriage of certain persons, or classes of persons?

BIBLE LESSON FOR MARCH.

"Oh how I love thy law! It is my meditation all the day."

Bible, Genesis, Chapters 26; 27; 28.

Psalms, Chapters 12; 13; 14; 15; 16; 17; 18; 19; 20; 21; 22; 23; 24; 25; 26; 27; 28; 29; 30.

Doctrine and Covenants, Sections 1; 2; 3; 4; 5; 6; 7; 8; 9; 10; 11; 12; 13; 14; 15; 16; 17; 18.

LESSON II.

Work and Business.

SECOND WEEK IN MARCH.

LESSON III.

Genealogy and Literature.

THIRD WEEK IN MARCH.

TRADE NAMES.

In the middle ages all over Europe people who engaged in trades occupied a very respectable and responsible position in society. Especially was this true in Great Britain and among the Germanic people. The trades united together in guilds much in the same way as we have trades unions amongst us today. There was a guild of tailors, of haberdashers, of shoemakers, of cordwainers, of carpenters, of cartwrights and cobblers. The clerks and the coopers, the turners and the sextons all were bound up into separate guilds. So powerful did these guilds become that the professionals like the musicians or minstrels, the painters and architects, finally joined to each other in separate guilds and became so aggressive that they dictated the policy of the reigning families through their representatives. The Guild Hall in Lon-

don today is one of the most ancient and elaborate public buildings in that great city.

These guilds took great pride in the products of the guild. The council examined specimens of workmanship, passed upon the qualifications necessary for apprentices who aspired to become masters, and in short formulated rules of conduct and by-laws to govern the body.

They held great feasts and had public days when their pageants passed through the streets of the town or city in brilliant array. The survival of these ancient customs is found today in the Fourth of July and other public holiday festivals, such as the Wizard of the Wasatch festival during the past summer in Salt Lake City.

The guilds frequently sent an apprentice who had completed his course, out upon his travels, both in his own country and in foreign lands. Letters of introduction would be given him to fellow guilds in other countries, thus opening the door for him into his own class of society where he traveled.

A singular feature of these guilds was their choice of totems or emblems which represented the guild. The symbol of the trade would be surrounded by a wreath and placed upon a banner. If they had a crown above the emblem it signified that Royalty had acknowledged the guild. Moreover, the crown expressed the high esteem in which the workers held their own trade. The members considered themselves ennobled by their toil and that they merited a coronet as truly as does any baron or earl. In their annual festivities each trade marched its own particular guild, bearing its banner aloft on a wonderfully carved gilt pole, surmounted by a figure of the patron saint of the trade—Crispin for the shoemaker, Blaize for the woolcombers, Barbara for the armourers, and so on—between two flickering tapers.

Almost every guild had its own band, each its chapel in the great church, its guildhall, its special coffer, and its particular symbol of the trade.

To the present day, in many English villages, a man is spoken of by his trade, as Millard, Carpenter, Mason, Cobbler, with the Christian name attached and the surname ignored, as John Millard, Joe Carpenter, Mason Bill, and Cobbler Dick.

LIST OF TRADES FURNISHING NAMES.

Adam, a gaoler ("Comedy of Errors," IV:iii).

Archer, a bowman. Every town, every village, had its archer. And the Butts were outside the town for common practice. The Butts as well as the Archer have provided family names. Baker. The feminine form of Bagster or Baxter. The French Boulanger

furnished the surnames Bullinger and Pullinger. The French word Fournier has also furnished the surname Furner. Banister, the keeper of the bath; from the French bain. Barber. Till the year 1745 every surgeon was a member of the Barbers' Company. The surname Surgeon is not often met with, but that of Barber is very common. Blacksmith. This trade has constituted the surname Black and Smith, Smyth, Smeyt, Smijth, as well as Faber, Fabricius, Ferrier, Ferrers, Fervour, Fearon.

Caird, a tinker. Carpenter needs no explanation. Cartwright, maker of carts. Chandler, candle-maker. Chapman, a traveling merchant. Cheap-Jack takes his name from the word, so does Cheapside. Chaucer, from Chausseur, a shoemaker. Clerk, one who could read, and plead the benefit of the clergy. Hence Clārk and Clarke. Cobbler, a mender of boots and shoes. Collier, although originally a charcoal-burner, the name came to be used for the dealer in the town in charcoal and in sea-coal. Cook enters into many combinations, as in Norman-French LeCoc, Badcock (Bartholomew the Cook), Hancock (John the Cook), Wilcox (William le Coq), etc. Cooper, a maker of vats and barrels. Cowper or Couper, a maker of cups. Cryer, a town bellman. Currier, the curer of skins; hence Curry. Cutter, a cutter of cloth for the tailor. Cutler, properly Scutler, a shield-maker, from the Latin Scutum.

Dyer or Dister, also Dexter, Dwyer.

Flaxman, dealer in flax. Fletcher, an arrowsmith; French fleche. Fuller, already described.

Girdler, a maker of girdles.

Holder, an upholsterer, or stuffer of mattresses, bed, and cushions. Hooker, a maker of crooks. Hooper, a maker of hoops for casks.

Launder or Lavender, a washerman. Layman, lagman or lawyer. Lorimer, maker of straps, bits, and girths.

Malster, for Malster. Merchant, also Marchant, from the French, in place of English "monger."

Ostler, hence Oastler and Hostler; but Oseler, as already said, is a birdcatcher.

Packer, a woolpacker; also Pack as a surname. Painter, often as a surname Paynter. Platner, a maker of dishes and plates. Surname Platt. Plumber remains in surname as Plumer and Plummer. Potter, maker of common pots. The name remains both as Potter and Potts.

Quiller, also Keeler, the dresser of quilled ruffs and collars, such as were worn in the reign of Elizabeth.

Salter, also Saltman, as salt-boiler. Sawyer, self-explanatory Sexton, also as Saxton, for Sacristan. Skinner, one who

prepared skins for the tanyard. As a surname, Skiner. Smith, a general term. There were Whitesmiths, i. e., Tinmen, Goldsmiths, Brownsmiths, Blacksmiths, Arrowsmiths, Spearsmiths, Nailsmiths, etc. Spooner, maker of spoons in wood and horn. Steyner, the maker of steenes, or stone jars, out of white clay. The surname remains as Steyner or Stayner.

Tailor, variously spelled as a surname, in the vain hope to disguise its humble and somewhat despised origin. Tanner needs no explanation. Tapiser, a tapistry worker, contracted to Tapster. Turner, spelled as a surname also Turnour. Tyler, tilemaker; sometimes Tittler.

Walker. Cloth before the introduction of the roller had to be trodden underfoot. In Wyckliffe's version of the transfiguration he describes Christs' raiment as shining so as no "fullers or walkers of cloth" could whiten. Wayte, a watchman (Old French, guet), hence the surnames Wade, Gates, Yates, and Wakeman. Weaver, came as Webber, and Webster. Whittier, a white Tawier; one who prepares the finer skins for gloves.

LITERATURE.

Third Week in March.

THE SONG OR LYRIC.

A song or lyric is an expression of emotion in musical words. It usually bursts forth when "the heart is so full that a drop overfills it." At such times, one is most likely to pour out one's feelings in a song of joy or sorrow, according to the emotion that fills the heart.

Most of us depend on others to create for us the songs we sing, but few persons like Bobbie Burns and Stephen Foster, or our own Eliza R. Snow, Chas. W. Penrose, Emily Hill Woodmansee, Emmeline B. Wells, Parley P. Pratt, Orson F. Whitney, Henry W. Naisbitt, John Jacques, and Evan Stephens, have the gift to sing like the meadowlark, their own feelings in their own way. Such gifted persons become a voice for all, expressing the emotions of others, stirring their souls, and shaping their sentiments. It is truly a wonderful gift—this art of song writing, and it is one that may be used for good or for ill.

Three things characterize the best songs: music, feeling, and word beauty. In our choicest lyrics, the words seem to flow like liquid silver.

Read aloud these lines and listen:

"Soft o'er the fountains,
Lingering falls the southern moon,
While o'er the mountains
Breaks the day too soon."

—From Juanita.

And to these:

"O my Father, thou that dwellest
In that high and glorious place,
When shall I regain thy presence,
And again behold thy face?"

Voice these songs in full, or take other sweet songs, such as "Annie Laurie," "O awake, my slumbering minstrel," "O ye mountains high," "Down on the Suwanee River," "Love at Home," and observe how the words melt into one another, as the beautiful sentiments and pictures of life are expressed.

The true song does not tell a story. It simply sings. Nevertheless, a story is usually suggested by the song. For example, in "My Old Kentucky Home" are these lines:

"Bimeby hard times comes a knockin' at de door,
Den my old Kentucky Home, goodnight.
Weep no more, my lady,
Oh weep no more today,
We will sing one song for my old Kentucky Home,
For my old Kentucky Home far away."

No story is told here, yet between the lines one can read the tale common to the times of slavery, when the negroes were sold from a happy home and sent far away down the river. In their song, they are trying to console their mistress.

BALLADS.

In some songs the story is even plainer than this. It is sketched for us. Such songs are called ballads. The ballad is a song story, or a story told in song. In earlier times, the ballad was very popular. Many of our old legends like those about Robin Hood have been brought down to us in the form of ballads. A fairly good illustration of the ballad is the old song, "Mistletoe Bough" or "Nellie Gray," beginning, "Oh my darling Nellie Gray, they have taken her away," etc. But whether the story is sketched, as in the ballad, or merely suggested as in other songs, this seems true: *Back of every song there lies a story.* It may be so hidden that one cannot easily find it, nevertheless, it is there. Some incident of life, some train of events, generally leads up to the writing of a song. Instances to illustrate this point are numerous.

We feel the pathos and the pain of renunciation as well as the calm of death expressed in the exquisite hymn of Henry W. Naisbitt—written on the death of his close friend, President Joseph Young:

Rest for the weary soul,
Rest for the aching head,
Rest, on the hillside, rest,
With the great uncounted dead.

When Cardinal Newman was once returning from a visit to the Holy Land, he lay on his cot one night on the deck of the steamer as it was plowing its way through the Mediterranean sea. The good man had been distressed with religious doubt and uncertainty; he was now ill of body. As he lay there tossing in discomfort, he saw off through the gloom a little star towards which the vessel seemed to be going. As he watched it, a feeling of sweet calm came over his soul, and out of it came this beautiful expression:

"Lead, kindly light, lead thou me on,
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on."

Find the remainder of these two great songs and enjoy them with the story just told to help enrich the meaning of its musical lines.

One gets an added beauty with any song when one knows something of the story that lies back of it. Our appreciation of "Home, Sweet Home" is enhanced when we know that John Howard Payne wrote the song while he was wandering alone in a foreign land. We get a keener thrill from the stirring lines of the "Star Spangled Banner," when we realize that the author, Francis Scott Key, wrote them while he was a prisoner on the deck of a British warship. He had watched all night with anxious heart the fate of the battle that was raging around him. When the morning broke to show the old "red, white and blue" still waving above the ramparts, he drew from his pocket a letter, and on this he penned the words that have thrilled the hearts of true Americans ever since. The beautiful stories that lie back of many of our own hymns give them new light and meaning. "Come, Come, ye Saints" was written by William Clayton, at the request of the great Prophet-leader, President Young, as a song of cheer to shorten the weary stretches of the plains, and to give added courage to those hearts to dare the hardships of that desert march. The soul-stirring history of the Latter-day Saints is easily read in their hymn book, when one learns how to read the story that is between the lines of their songs.

So, too, may we hear the heart beats of the Hebrews of old

in the songs that enspirit the Bible. When Moses, for example, had delivered Israel from bondage, when Pharaoh and his host had been destroyed, the people, under the leadership of Moses, broke into an anthem of praise and repoicing beginning thus:

> "I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously,
> The horse and the rider hath he thrown into the sea."
> —Exodus.

When Hannah is given a son, in answer to her pleadings with the Lord, she breaks forth into a song of rejoicing and praise. David, too, when Saul and Jonathan are slain, expresses his grief in a great song of sorrow. And Deborah sings her martial strain of victory while Mary voices motherhood for all time in her Magnificat. All through the Holy Book are found other songs that reveal the feelings of the people.

"Our sweetest songs," says Shelley, "are those that tell of saddest thought." There is much of truth in what the poet says. Songs like "Old Black Joe," "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River," and many others of our most beautiful songs are suggestive of sorrow. We love to sing these sadly sweet songs; but there are many other songs we should also sing that are not at all sorrowful—songs like "The Lord is my Shepherd" and "O my Father" are sublimely beautiful and full of comfort.

We need more pure songs of good cheer. A rollicking song of innocent fun is a tonic to the weary heart. The trouble with our so-called funny songs too often is this: they are suggestive of evil and are sometimes vulgar. Such songs are out of place anywhere; yet, they frequently find their way into our homes, where they sow their poisoned thoughts and false sentiments. There is no more important work before the parents than that of selecting the music that goes into their homes. In these days when the choicest songs are available, there is no excuse for feeding our hearts on any but the purest and the best.

In choosing the songs for our homes, we should always put them to this test: What pictures of life, what sentiments, do they bring to our minds and hearts? Music may lead us to heaven or to evil places; it depends upon the music. "Give me the privilege of writing the songs of a people, and I care not who makes their laws"—a saying of one great philosopher. Let this be our third guiding principle: *The songs that find their way into our homes must suggest pure stories and uplifting sentiments.*

LESSON OUTLINE.

1. What is a song?
2. Why may the song-writer be called "a voice for all?"
3. Who among our own people have earned this title by

creating beautiful songs? Name some of these poets and tell what are their most popular songs.

4. What characterizes the words of a beautiful song? Illustrate by quoting a line or two from some song you love.

5. What is meant by this remark? "Back of the song there lies a story." Illustrate by telling the story that some song suggests to you, or by telling how some author came to write a certain song. For example, what story is suggested by "School thy Feelings," and "Oh, say what is Truth," and "Hail to the Prophet."

6. How does it help a song to know the story that is connected with it?

7. Show how the history of the Latter-day Saints is reflected in some of their hymns.

8. Show how the song is used in the Bible to express the feelings of the people of Israel at certain times.

9. What is the danger in many of the songs that are being sung today? Where do they come from?

10. What practical steps can be taken to get purer, more uplifting songs in our homes?

LESSON IV.

Home Economics.

FOURTH WEEK IN MARCH.

A. Bottle-fed Babies.

In the preceding lesson I emphasized the necessity of maintaining the baby on the breast during the first year of life. In the Great Ormond Street Hospital of London, England, statistics taken over a long period of time show the death rate from dysentery during the hot summer months to be ninety-six per cent in bottle-fed babies. These same statistics will be borne out in all congested districts. The treatment of dysentery in breast-fed babies is a comparatively simple proposition, but with the bottle-fed babies the physician is taxed to his utmost ingenuity. Mother's milk is the natural food. It contains unknown elements which we cannot analyze and, therefore, cannot duplicate in any of our milk modifications. Perhaps the principal source of trouble with bottle babies comes from the frequent contamination of the food. In spite of the most extreme care exercised on the part of the mother in the preparation of the food, bacteria will find their way into the milk and produce subsequent trouble. A bottle of milk allowed to stand in the sun for one hour will develop millions of

organisms which will cause dysentery or other intestinal disorders. Mothers frequently make complaint at the extreme caution enforced by the physician in the preparation of food for the babies if they will just keep in mind this rapid development of bacteria they will realize the necessity for the greatest of care.

In order to avoid contamination as much as possible the food for the entire twenty-four hours should be prepared at one time. Six or seven bottles should be obtained, preferably the narrow neck bottles, for reasons that will be seen later. The food should be prepared and put in the bottles and then placed on ice and kept there until feeding time. They should then be placed in hot water to bring them to the proper temperature, and fed immediately. If these directions are followed there will only be necessity for handling the milk once, thus lessening the danger of contamination. A plug of sterile absorbent cotton should be placed in the neck of the bottle to serve as a cork. This keeps out bacteria but allows the entrance of air. The large neck bottles are easier to be kept clean than the narrow neck but you cannot properly cover them with absorbent cotton and are compelled to pour your food from a large container into the bottle at each feeding. The bottles should be scalded thoroughly each morning before filling with the food and rinsed out with a solution of borax water. Nipples should be scalded every day and kept in boric acid solution. If these directions are followed out carefully in the preparation of the bottles and the nipples the danger of contamination is reduced to a minimum and the death rate from dysentery would be greatly reduced.

B. Modification of Cow's Milk:

When the baby has reached proper age for weaning, or when from any cause your physician deems it necessary to wean from the breast, nothing but a modified cow's milk mixture should be considered. The child's food should contain in proper proportion all of the good elements—carbo-hydrates, fats, salts, proteins and water. If any one of these food elements is neglected, although the child may apparently be well, he will, in time, show signs of trouble to the experienced eye. Fixed formulas for the modification of milk are impossible because every child has to be fed according to its weight and condition of nutrition. Guess work in the feeding of babies is responsible for more deaths than the infectious diseases. A careful estimation should be made by the physician as to the exact number of calories of food the child requires during the twenty-four hours and the formula should be worked out from this basis. The condition of nutrition must be considered carefully, otherwise, one is very apt to include in the formula too much or too little of one of the food

elements—for example, a fat, flabby baby, slow in teething, slow in walking, yet of over-weight for its age, should not receive as much fat in its food as the child that is thin and emaciated and under-weight. The reason why mothers so frequently have difficulty in feeding their babies is because the formula is not worked out along these lines and the result is that they try every food that is recommended. For a delicate babe they modify cow's milk; they try Eskay's, Mellan's, Horlicks and all of the rest of the proprietary infant foods until finally the child reaches a stage where the physician has to take the case in hand, and there is no more difficult case in medicine than the feeding of such a child. Rickets and scurvy, the common diseases of the second year of childhood—the causes of lowered vitality—are the results of these errors in feeding.

A few simple rules will help mothers with normal children. The child should be fed from one to two ounces more than its age in months at each feeding. With the minimum of three ounces and the maximum of eight to the feeding—for example, a child three months old should be given from three and one-half to four ounces of food every three hours; a child six months old should be given from six to eight ounces of food every three hurs. The younger the child the greater the dilution of the milk should be. With babies under four months of age I usually begin with the two-thirds milk and one-third water mixture. As the child increases in age the strength of the milk can be increased until at the age of one year the child is getting all milk without any modification. The sugar to be used should be some form of malt, since it is much more easily digested than any other form of sugar. Milk-sugar has been too widely recommended and used. It is very frequently the cause of severe nutritional disorders in childhood. Dextrimaltose is a very excellent form and is most easily assimilated by babies. For the average child from one to one and one-half ounces of sugar should be given in twenty-four hours. Other than these few points no definite rules can be given. A careful record of the weekly gain in weight should be kept with all bottle-fed babies since the scales are the most reliable guide as to when the baby is getting enough or when we are over-feeding.

C. Proprietary Foods:

There is no doubt but that the proprietary foods play a part in infant feeding. By proprietary food, I mean Mellen's, Horlick's Malted Milk, Denno's, Eskay's, Nestles, Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and the numerous other prepared foods on the market. These foods are all standardized to meet the requirements of babies in general. Since each child must be fed in-

dividually according to its actual bodily requirements, the impossibility of successfully feeding all babies on these foods can be readily seen. Babies have a higher tolerance for carbo-hydrate than for any of the other food elements. As a result, these proprietary foods contain in excessive amounts this ingredient at the expense of the others. Occasionally we see a perfectly normal baby that has been fed on one of these foods, but in that case it was just the food that was adapted to that individual condition. Mothers must not feel that because their babies get fat and look well on these foods that they are well. Invariably defects in development can be found. I often have a baby brought to me with the mother boasting that it is a baby reared on proprietary food—careful examination invariably reveals defects of physical development which lower the child's vitality. And I might add here, that the most obstinate cases of dysentery that a doctor is ever called upon to handle are those that have been raised upon the proprietary foods. We get a one-sided development from a one-sided food. In feeding them we shape the baby to meet the requirements of the food instead of shaping the food to meet the requirements of the baby. Look at the pictures of the babies in the literature that you have received from these proprietary food concerns. They are fat babies with large heads, large abdomens, large joints, and almost invariably they have slight deformities of the chest, are slow to walk, slow in teething, and in the second year of life are the first ones to contract the infectious diseases upon exposure. For these reasons the necessity for careful modification of cow's milk can be readily seen, where it is absolutely impossible to secure mother's milk. A wet nurse will often save a child's life.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the reason for the higher death rate amongst bottle-fed babes than breast-fed babies?

2. How would you proceed to prevent contamination of the food prepared for your baby?

3. Take an imaginery case of a baby six months old, weighing fourteen pounds. Discuss in detail how you would prepare his food.

4. What has been your experience with the proprietary foods?

5. Have you noticed that the teeth decay early in babies that have been fed on the proprietary foods? Have you noticed that they are slow in walking; that their teeth are slow in appearing; that they have large abdomens, with very frequently naval ruptures?

6. Do you not think the proverbial difficulty of getting the baby through the second summer is often due to these mistakes in diet?

7. Let some mother study up the different food ingredients --carbo-hydrates, fats, proteins, salts and water and conduct a discussion.

SOME DAY YOU'LL MEET.

By Miss Leah Brown.

Are you lonely in your cottage,
Little home so dear to you?
Are you lonely, as you think of
How in love 'twas built for two?
Now, in death, you two have parted
And have left the cottage here,
For one alone to love and cherish
Thinking of her mate elsewhere.

CHORUS.

Lonely heart, some day you'll meet him,
On a distant silver shore.
Lonely heart, when you shall meet him,
He will greet his love once more.
He will take you to a cottage
He is building there for you;
Built of gold and precious jewels,
Just a cottage built for two.

In the solemn twilight hours,
When the long day's work is done,
Do you sit down by the fireside
Thinking of the days now gone?
How you stood there, in the doorway,
Holding out your hand to one
Who came home so gay and joyous
When his own day's work was done?

Lonely heart, your days of longing
For the tender, thoughtful care
Will be met in fullest measure
When you meet him over there.
He is eagerly awaiting
For that glorious, happy time
When his arms can close enfold you,
In that perfect, heavenly clime.

TO GENEALOGICAL STUDENTS.

Finding that the book on Surnames by Baring-Gould is out of print, our Genealogical Committee have decided to print a book on Surnames, under the auspices of the Genealogical Society of Utah. We are working very hard to get this out in a month or six weeks. We ask your patience until then.

SUSA YOUNG GATES,
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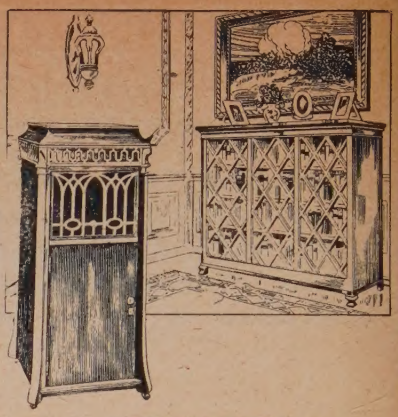

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